Vol. XCI.—No. 1186] SEPTEMBER 8, 1926 [as a Newspaper.

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Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. Visit your dentist at least twice a year. He will help you to avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

Pyorrhoea seizes 4 out of 5

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract Pyorrhœa through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will see your dentist regularly and brush your teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

Pyorrhœa's symptoms are tender, bleeding gums. Then the gums recede and the teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison creeps through the system, often bringing in its trail neuritis, rheumatism or more serious ailments.

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Becoming Hat in antelope felt with soft brim and crown which can be arranged as desired. In black, green, grey, navy, and woodrose. Stocked in medium or large head fittings.

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OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

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In size for 2 years,	18 ins.	**5gns.**
„ 3 „	20 „	**5½gns.**
„ 4 „	22 „	**6gns.**
„ 5 „	24 „	**6½gns.**
Cap to match - - -		**39/6**

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"What do you see in the fire, mummy?"

"I see a city—oh, such a beautiful, bright city! All the buildings are spotlessly white, the trees and bushes are a lovely green, and the sky is of the same wonderful blue as you get in the country. And the children, even in the poorest streets, are well and happy, with sturdy limbs and rosy cheeks, because of all the sunshine this beautiful city gets."

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***Hat** as sketch to match. Price* **31/6**

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NEW Milanese Jumper Suit (*as sketch*), an inexpensive and becoming model for most figures, on well-cut lines, front of jumper, sleeves and skirt in original vandyk pleating. In black, dark navy, amethyst, dull green, reseda, tan, fawn, wine, dull rose, fuchsia, mole, silver, chamois, bois de rose, saxe.

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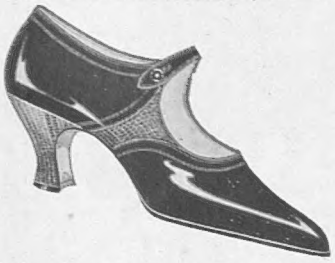

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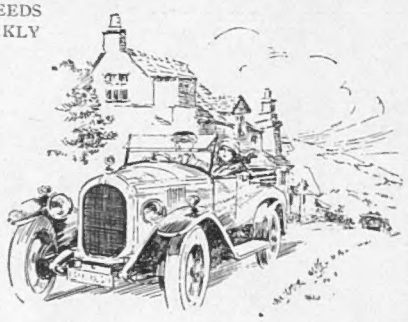

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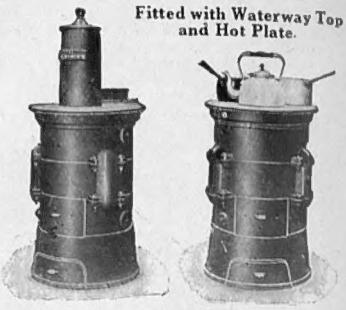

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No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 44	× 8
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	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
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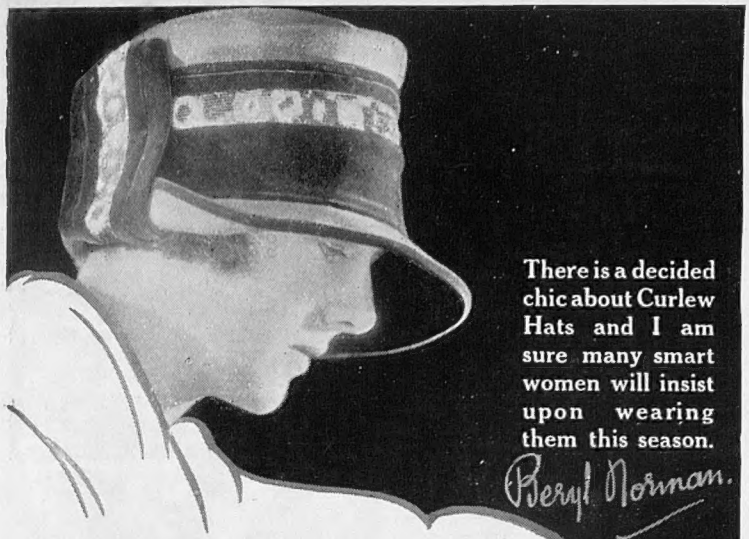

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Beryl Norman.

If ever a hat were named appropriately this *Curlew Columbine Model* certainly is! In finest fur felt with velvet and fancy galon trimming, this model, like all Curlew Models, is

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THE CORSLO "FILLETTE" made of striped cotton tricot, boneless, buttoning in front, two pairs of suspenders, washable, elastic shoulder straps. Suitable for young ladies from 13 to 16 years.

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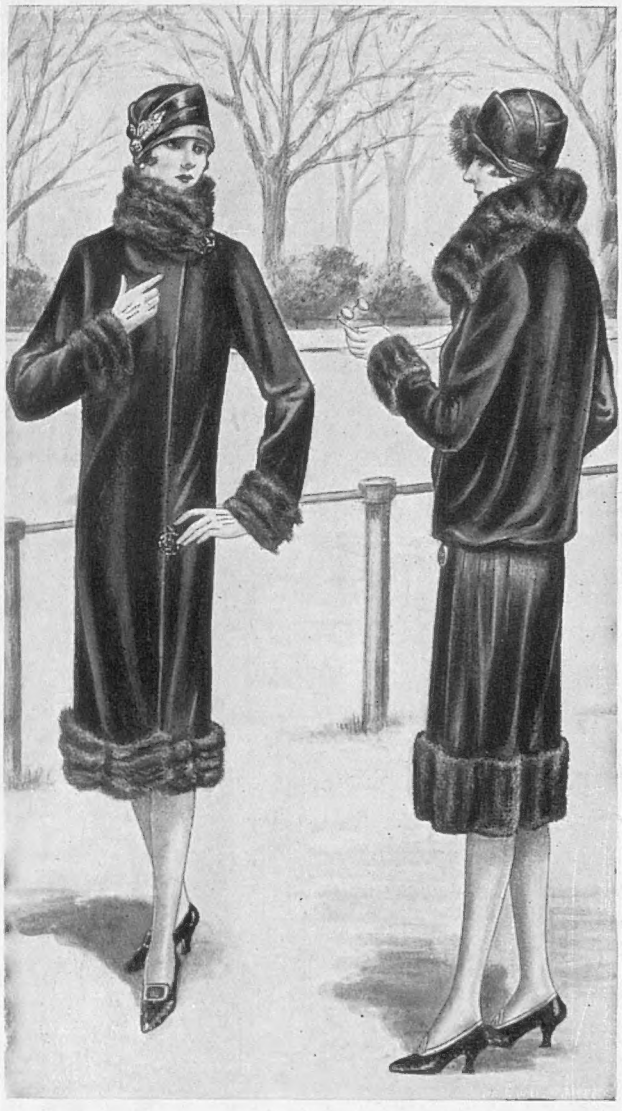

108. 109.

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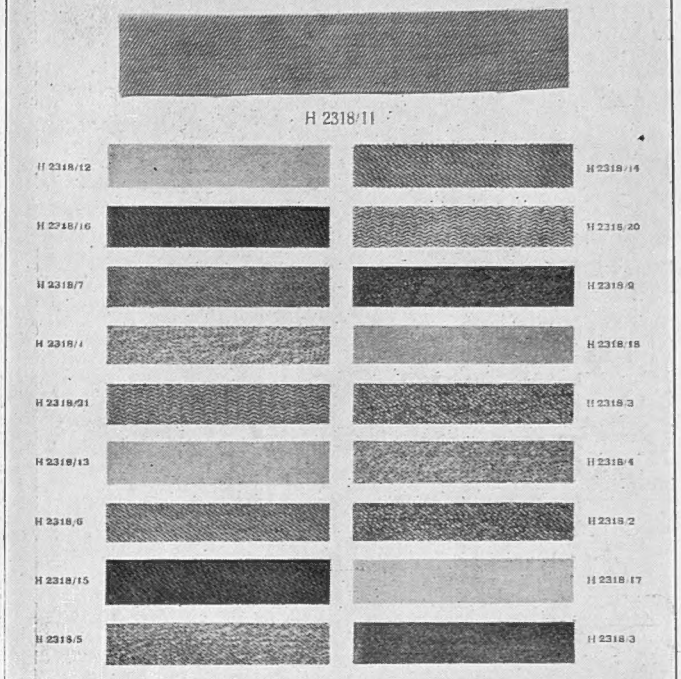

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The Aristocratic Resort of Northern France.

THE SEA THE FOREST.

Nothing much against him

BUT he noticed that, at dances, ladies were not very anxious to dance with him—although he danced well. His men friends never seemed very pleased to see him—although he was quite a good fellow.

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A tablespoonful in the tooth glass daily is all that is necessary. It sweetens the breath, kills all germs, and prevents Pyorrhea.

"SANITAS" FLUID

The Bystander, September 8, 1926 No. 1186. Vol. XCI

The BYSTANDER

A ROMANCE OF OLD VENICE

RONOLEKE HOT WATER BOTTLES have been tested by standing a fully grown elephant on four inflated Ronolekes. On examination, they were found to be in perfect condition. No other bottle has ever been put to such a severe test.

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C.F.B.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'DURING THESE EARLY SEPTEMBER DAYS WE ENGAGE IN MANY UNSEASONABLE OCCUPATIONS—'

September Days

DURING these early September days we engage in many unseasonable occupations. We have already sweltered in the summer heat at Highbury and Stamford Bridge, and it is not unlikely that we may sit with chilled feet and blue noses at Lord's and the Oval. You can never be sure whether August will warm the lap of September or whether October will take a hand in the game.

'A WHISKEY AND SODA UNDER A HAYRICK—'

On the River

IT was wonderful to be on the river last week and to drift pleasantly beneath a great red cart-wheel of a moon. Nothing unseasonable about that, unless you feel that punts should be put away when hopping is in full swing and the early blackberries are worth picking. Some people insist on working by the calendar, and it is only fair to say that, sooner or later, the calendar kindly obliges by proving them to be in the right.

'THE AUTHOR HAS HAD A TIMELY PASSAGE OF ARMS WITH MY MORNING PAPER—'

The Glorious First

SOME of us have been shooting the little brown bird under these curious conditions. The scarcity of partridges and the quantity of cover have combined to make this a rather warm business, even in days when there is too much driving and too little walking up in the roots and stubble. Personally, I have a great weakness for the old-fashioned way of doing things, and I never grumble at the heat if I can be sure that the lunch will be waiting at the appointed trysting place. If you haven't enjoyed a whisky and soda under an outlying rick in the Shires, you haven't tasted the full sweets of life, and you have never known a thirst that really mattered.

'I HAVE NOT HEARD IT SUGGESTED THAT THE CHANNEL WAS DOCTORED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE SWIMMERS—'

"A Cad of a Host"

I HAVE been greatly "intreeged" by the efforts that are being made by all and sundry to ensure a big popular reception for "The World of William Clissold," the latest volume from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells. The author has had a timely passage-of-arms with my morning paper, the former accusing the latter of accusing the former of being "a cad of a host" in that he is supposed to have caricatured his guests and put them in his books. I do hope you see what I mean, but even if you don't I am afraid I can't make the matter any clearer.

To Have the Honour

HOWEVER annoyed Mr. Wells may be with the editor of my morning paper, he cannot possibly find fault with the advertisement

'IT WAS WONDERFUL TO DRIFT PLEASANTLY BENEATH A GREAT CART-WHEEL OF A MOON—'

A THIRST THAT REALLY MATTERED.

'THEATRICAL STARS ARE NOTORIOUSLY TOUCHY—'

'THE READING FIRE BRIGADE WAS UNABLE TO RESPOND OWING TO THE MANSION BEING A FEW YARDS OUTSIDE THE BOROUGH BOUNDARY—'
HOWARD ELCOCK

WHO SAYS THIS IS *NOT* A FREAK COUNTRY?

By Blam

announcing the arrival of his last book. "Messrs. Ernest Benn are given the great honour of announcing to the literary public that they will issue, etc., etc." I trust the literary public will be as appreciative of the great honour done them by Mr. Wells as his publishers appear to be, and that they will join with those publishers in stating that, "in their judgment," this latest addition to the bookstalls "is one of the great intellectual achievements of the twentieth century."

A New Line

THEATRICAL stars are notoriously touchy as to the manner of their introduction to the public. They like to see their names at the top of the bills, at the bottom of the bills, and, in fact, all over the bills. The publishers of Mr. Wells have now opened up an entirely new line of publicity, and we may hope to see something like this in the near future:—

> MR. CHARLES B. CHICHERAN
> is given the great honour of announcing to the theatrical public that he will present a new turn by
> SIR LARRY HOARDER
> which, in his judgment, is one of the great intellectual achievements of the twentieth century.

More Records

SHOULD Jack Hobbs have been allowed to complete a single innings of 1,000 runs in the match with Middlesex last week? It is true that Percy Fender did not declare until he had beaten the highest individual score ever made at Lord's, but some of us are such gluttons that we wanted him to go on—and on—and on—until some really sensational point was reached. It was obvious from the start of the innings that Jack was out for business. As a rule, when he has passed the century, his thoughts seem to turn towards the pavilion, but on this historic occasion he passed his second and third centuries without any signs of home-sickness.

All Those Swimmers

SOME critics will tell you that this huge score was made possible by the excellence of the modern wicket. If this was the only record of the past few days, we might be tempted to believe them, but successes in other directions prompt one to suggest that there is something in the air favourable to the making and breaking of such records. I have not heard it suggested that the Channel was "doctored" in the interests of all those swimmers who have landed at Dover of late. True, the breakers are always rolling, but they hadn't rolled the Channel flat on the occasion of my last trip.

"The Borough Boundary"

TWO interesting little facts emerged from the disastrous fire that destroyed Caversham Park last week. In the first place, it is stated that "the Reading Fire Brigade was unable to respond owing to the mansion being a few yards outside the Borough boundary." I also read that a few years ago, when a large cedar tree was cut down, there was found, deeply embedded in it, a much rusted ancient arrow, a foot and a half long. It is now in Reading Museum—in spite of the fact that it was presumably found "a few yards outside the Borough boundary."

What is It?

MUCH mystery surrounds the new show which has just gone into rehearsal at the Little Theatre, and now that the secret is shared by so many members of the profession, it is safe to assume that the secret will soon cease to exist as such. There has always been something a little "intreeging" about the pretty little house in John Street, which is of the size that makes theatrical experiments a financial possibility. It was here that London's Grand Guignol first burst upon an astonished world, and in the matter of intimate revue it has a notable record. Also, its audience is probably the smartest and most sophisticated in the world.

Davis & Sons, Lancaster

ROYALTY IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

A photograph taken during the recent visit of His Majesty to the Earl of Sefton's seat, Abbeystead, at Lancaster. The group shows—back row: The Bishop of Manchester (left), Lord Cranborne, Major the Hon. Richard Molyneux and Colonel Clive Wigram. Front row: The Duke of Roxburghe (left), The Countess of Sefton, His Majesty, the Earl of Sefton and Sir Charles Cust

THE KING IN SCOTLAND *Topical*

His Majesty leaving Crathie Church, near Balmoral Castle, after attending divine worship. He is accompanied by the Duke of York, seated on his left, and Prince Henry

IN YORKSHIRE *Topical*

The Queen and Princess Mary leaving Goldsborough Parish Church after the morning service. Her Majesty stayed with Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles on her way to Scotland

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Gaieties and Cures in Yorkshire

YORKSHIRE was particularly gay in the last days of August, the York Races attracting all sorts and conditions of folk, from Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles downwards. The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme had what may prove to be the last party at Warter Priory, the house where she has entertained for so many years both as Mrs. Charles Wilson and Lady Nunburnholme, and which has now been put up for sale.

The gardens at Warter Priory are extremely beautiful. Lady Nunburnholme's husband, the first baron, was so fond of them that in his will he directed that he should be buried there. The second Lord Nunburnholme, who died three years ago, was also buried in the Warter Priory gardens as well as his brother, Mr. Gerald Wilson.

Harrogate, I hear, is having a record season, crowds of people all assiduously following one or other of the ninety odd cures you can find there for the ills of the flesh. Goldsborough Hall is not far away, and the Queen's visit to Princess Mary has had a distinct effect on the number of visitors to the town. There are some excellent bric-à-brac shops in Harrogate, and these always attract the Queen's interest during her visits to Goldsborough Hall.

During the York Races the grouse on the Yorkshire Moors had a respite, for most of the shooting-parties exchanged their guns for racecards, some of them cheerfully motoring backwards and forwards for miles. The next racing thrill in Yorkshire will be the Doncaster Races, for which Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles are going to stay with Lord Lonsdale in the house he has taken there.

A CENTENARY CEREMONY

The Duchess of York being received by the President, Mr. W. H. Buist, on her arrival to open the Centenary Summer Show of the Dundee Horticultural Society, held at Magdalen Green

P. and A.

ON HOLIDAY

The Prince of Wales landing at Calais *en route* for his holiday at Biarritz. He is travelling incognito as the Earl of Chester during his visit to the Continent

Mussolini and Garb Feminine

AN Italian friend tells me that we in England have all been entirely mistaken as to Signor Mussolini's pronouncements on the dress of Italian women. From the newspaper accounts it certainly appeared that Il Duce was anxious that his countrywomen should all be garbed alike in some species of uniform dress. But this, I am assured, is all wrong.

Mussolini's guiding principle in all matters, no matter how great, no matter how trivial, is "Italy for the Italians." In pursuance of this principle he wishes the clothes of Italian women to be entirely of Italian production. My friend says that Mussolini has never suggested a uniform dress for Italian women. His object is that Italian artists should make dress designs in order that Italian women should not go to Paris for their clothes, and he likewise suggests that Italian dressmakers should be refused passports to go to the French capital in search of models. One wonders if the embargo will go so far as to prevent French fashion papers passing into Italy. And one wonders, too, if it will be possible to compel the women of a whole nation to dress only in gowns of Italian design, Italian material, and Italian workmanship—an enforced patriotism, as it were.

Mussolini's idea is obviously intensely patriotic, but women's clothes are one of the things that know no frontiers, and it will be interesting to see if Il Duce can raise one between Paris and the ladies of Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan and Turin. One can imagine his plan working quite satisfactorily for the benefit of Italian dress-designers, dressmakers, and manufacturers, so long as the designers followed the fashions set by Paris. But suppose, in the flush of patriotism, they created designs entirely of their own with no regard to what the rest of the women in Europe were wearing! Do you think the Italian

G. Warhurst

AT THE CHURCH DOOR

Mr. Robert Balfour, elder son of Sir Arthur and Lady Balfour, and his bride, formerly Miss Nancy Rundle leaving Highfield Church, Bassett, Southampton, after their wedding. Mrs. Balfour is the elder daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral Rundle, D.S.O., and Mrs. Rundle, of Bassett, Southampton

J. Stanley

THE BRIDAL PARTY

Mr. Richard Dudley Baker and his bride, formerly Miss Winsome Doris Brown, photographed with their retinue and canine escort after their wedding at Monkstown Parish Church, near Dublin. The bride is the younger daughter of His Honour William Herbert Brown, K.C., of Glenfern, Blackrock

women would consent quietly, and without protest, to be outside the prevailing fashion?

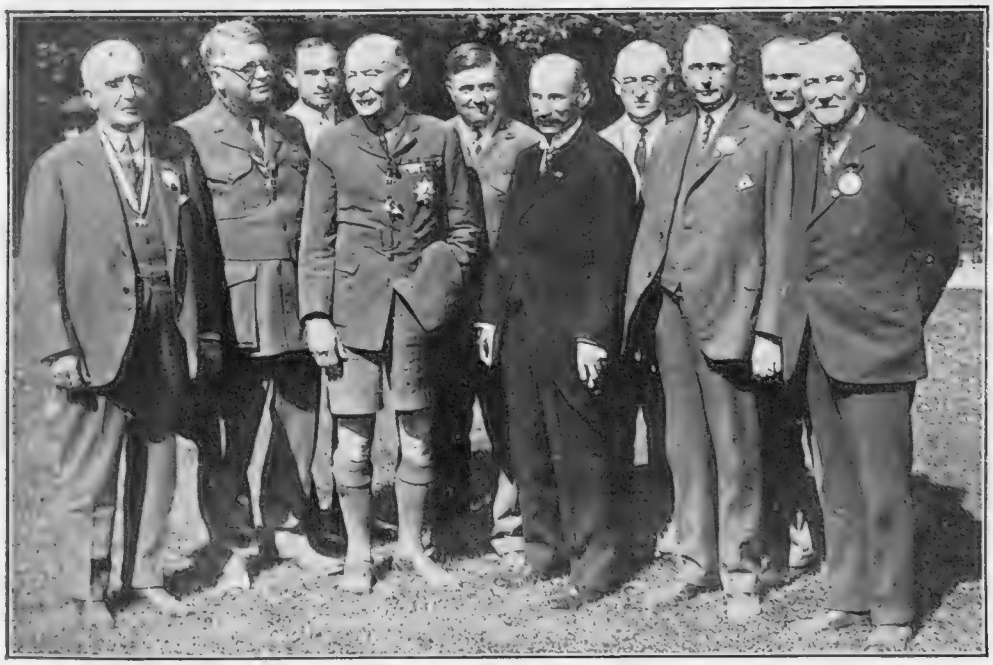
A Possible Situation

THERE is nothing so cosmopolitan as fashions feminine. The women of all nations dress alike—that is, of course, the women above the peasant class. To-day, from North Cape to Cape Matapan, from Galway to the Urals, shingled heads and short dresses are universal. Suppose, as I have already suggested the Italian dress

L. Norman

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieutenant J. G. Wood, R.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Dorothea Marcella Spurgeon, face the camera after their wedding at the Parish Church, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Lieut. Wood is in H.M.S. "Hood"



AT THE SCOUTS' CONFERENCE *Topical*

The Chief Scout, Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, photographed with M. H. Häberlin, President of the Swiss Confederation, and members of the American Delegation during a "stand easy" at the Boy Scouts' International Conference at Kandersteg. This International Conference is the fourth to be held

designers imposed something quite different on the Italian women. I can foresee a situation which would baffle even the genius of Il Duce. When women of sixty and over can't keep out of prevailing fashions, how would he cope with several million of furious young women condemned to wear clothes unlike those of the women of any other nation? Myself, I think both Mus-

I. B.

MISS LITTLEDALE (left), MRS. ENGLAND, MISS HOLFORD AND LORD COTTENHAM

I. B.

THE MISSES JANE AND MARY MAITLAND WITH "PRIMROSE"

Topical

MRS. WITHINGTON, THE HON. JOHN CAVENDISH AND LADY CHESHAM

AT THE BANBURY SHOW

A trio of photographs, taken inside and outside the ring at the Banbury Horse Show. The Shows are gaining in interest with the approach of the Hunting Season

solini and the dress designers would come off a very second second-best.

Shall We Have This?

WHILST we are on the subject of women's fashions, have you seen to what lengths—or rather shortness—some of the damsels of Berne have gone in the matter of their hair? These Swiss maidens have invented what they call the "Hindenburg Crop."

The name may prevent the fashion spreading beyond Berne, unless it is taken up in Germany, but verily, I should not be surprised to see it on English and French female heads. And it would be the last word in feminine hairdressing. The "Hindenburg Crop" is cutting the hair in what the French call *en brosse*, that is the scissors snip and snip until the hair is so short that it stands on end exactly like a brush.

It used to be rather popular with men in France, Italy, and Austria, and very popular in Germany. Anything more hideous for a woman couldn't be imagined. The only possible advantage would be that men would be spared the unpleasant spectacle of damsels combing their shingled heads between the courses at dinner or in the intervals between dances. With the "Hindenburg Crop" they would have nothing to comb, nothing to pat at irritatingly at frequent intervals, and certainly nothing to look at in those little mirrors which must get tired to death of being taken from vanity bags at least every quarter of an hour in the waking hours of their owners.

Partridges

LAST Wednesday saw the opening of the partridge shooting season, and actually the opening of the shooting season itself for those who do not own grouse moors and cannot afford to rent them at the present rate, which works out, I believe, at something like a guinea a bird. Then, the partridge is practically an ubiquitous bird, whilst grouse are only to be found in Scotland, the North of England, and in certain parts of Wales, although some are to be found on Dartmoor, where they have been artificially introduced.

Again, on a small property where preserving is out of the question, partridges very often give the only shooting besides rabbits. But our modern, up-to-date motor reaping machines have brought a new element into partridge shooting. These machines crop the corn so close to the ground that they leave no stubble to

IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

An interesting group taken at Hendaye on the occasion of the inauguration of the new Pullman train from Paris to Biarritz. The group includes the Comte de Ségur-Lamoignon, Vice-President of the Wagons-Lits Company; M. Despret, President of the Bank of Brussels; M. Tessier, President of the Midi Railway; Sir Davison Dalziel, President of the Board of Directors of the Wagons-Lits Company; Mr. Gomer Berry; Mr. Frank Houlder, Director of the Wagons-Lits Company; M. Paul, General Manager of the Midi Railway; M. Ribaud, General Manager of the Est Railway; and M. Margot, General Manager of the P.L.M. Railway

Sport & General

MRS. BARTHROPP, MRS. NUTTING AND MR. ERIC GREENSLADE

Sport & General

MAJOR AND MRS. PHIPPS HORNBY

SHOW DAYS AT BATH

Some of the onlookers who visited the Bath Horse Show. This Show is one of the best attended in the West Country

Alfieri

LADY IPSWICH AND THE HON. MRS. HANBURY-TRACY

speak of, and instead of "walking-up" the birds and shooting them as they rose from what used to be stubble in the old way, the man with the gun has to be his own driver and head the partridges into any neighbouring crops. Later in the season partridges can be driven by beaters, but in its beginning the ancient rule is that they must be "walked-up." And that is why schoolboys, going out with the guns partridge shooting during the holidays, never have the chance of shooting driven birds, which, of course, are much more difficult shots. Driving only begins after the summer holidays are over.

Are the Fowls to Blame?

IN some places the reports show a large number of birds, but in others, although it has been a good breeding season, there has been a high mortality, and poor bags are anticipated. The curious thing is that this mortality has been going on year after year in the same districts. Wise people, who know all about these things, suggest that the increase of poultry-farming in these particular districts may be the cause, diseases to which hens are prone spreading to the partridges in the surrounding region. So far as I know this suggestion has not been actually proved to be true, but those who advance it tell you that there are no poultry farms in the districts where partridges are plentiful.

The Stage and the Country

COUNTRY life and country surroundings seem to have a particular attraction for our leading stage folk, judging by the number of them who spend their leisure

Photographs

LADY HAMBRO WITH COLONEL PHILLIPS

IN THE PADDOCK

A camera record from Derby of some of those who attended the meeting

Topical

THE HON. MRS. FOLJAMBE (left) WITH MR. AND MRS. J. B. FOX

Alfieri

YOUTH IN THE RING

Lady Mairi Douglas-Hamilton, "supported" by her pony, "Dauntless," faces the camera. The photograph was taken at the Wyle Valley Hunt Gymkhana at Heytesbury Park

A "Grumble-Gruffin"

A FATHER who terrorises his children is the most unusual of odd fish in these days of light and understanding, when most parents are the friends of their offspring first, their mothers and fathers afterwards. Such a father, however, is known to an old friend and myself. We were commenting recently on the dull life led by his children because of his drastic discipline in the home and his almost pre-Victorian attitude towards youthful amusements and pleasures. "He reminds me," said my friend, "of the father in the ballad:—

> 'Their father was a grumble-gruffin,
> Who sat by the fire a-stuffin' and a-stuffin',
> So they never 'ad no fun, nor nuffin'.'"

Where the ballad came from my friend didn't know. Her recollection was that it consisted of many verses setting forth the tyrannies of the "grumble-gruffin" and the miserable existence of his family. It was the size of a small pamphlet. I wonder if any of you have ever come across it?

Myself, I think it must belong to a long series of doggerel ballads which were published in London in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, and sold in the streets. One of these, called "Lovely Emily; or, The Cats'-meat Man's Daughter," was treasured by your Bystander's nurse, to whom it had come from her grandmother with a silk shawl and a pair of real lace mittens. On evenings when the day's behaviour called for special reward we were regaled with the fortunes of the beauteous Emily.

She was incomparably lovely, so lovely that her father, an honest but ambitious seller of cats' meat, declared she should only marry "a Dook or a Hearl." The end of the story was that Emily, having lost her beauty in the course of a good many years' rejection of eligible suitors, finally got married—

> She didn't marry a Dook or a Hearl, but something wuss—
> The bow-legged conductor of a tuppenny 'bus.

The moral of the ballad was extremely flattering for plain women. It set out that beauty was a snare and led to discontent and aspirations far above the station of so humble a person as a cats'-meat man's daughter. This reasoning was weak, because the beauteous Emily and her father went the wrong way to work. Even in those days if she had gone on the stage she might have married "a Dook or a Hearl," and in these days she might have married both by taking No. 1 into the Divorce Court.

British Illus.

WAY DOWN SOUTH

Mrs. Gilbert Hole photographed on her hunter, "Nelly Kelly," at the Fareham and Hants Agricultural Show at Petersfield. Mrs Hole, who before her marriage was Miss Kitty Price, is well known in hunting circles

from the footlights in what the Victorians used to call the "ruralities." And some of their country houses are not within easy reach of London. Mr. Cyril Maude, for instance, has a house at Kingsteignton, in Devonshire, to which he went on his return from America, and where, I believe, he intended to remain permanently until he was persuaded to make the reappearance on the London stage to which we are all looking forward. Miss Violet Vanbrugh and her daughter seek their leisure even farther afield. They have a bungalow at Polzeath, in Cornwall, where at one time Mr. Hugh Walpole had a quaint little cottage, in which he wrote some of his earlier books.

Sir John and Lady Martin Harvey favour the Isle of Wight. They have a large bungalow at Bonchurch, where the Queen took tea with them on one of her last motor excursions during Cowes Week. Lady Tree and Miss Fay Compton both used to have houses at Iver, in Buckinghamshire, where Princess Victoria has gone to live, but now Lady Tree has deserted the country for Hampstead, and Miss Fay Compton has taken a farm near Godalming. Mr. Henry Ainley, too, has a farm attached to the manor house near Sevenoaks in which he spends all the time he can spare from his stage duties. On that farm he breeds prize cattle, and very successfully, so I am told.

'VICTOR' THE VICTORIOUS *Barratt's*

Miss Slack photographed with her Great Dane, 'Victor," at the Brighton Dog Show. That the dog is well named is proved by the fact that he took one "first," two "seconds" and one "third"

"The Wild Riders of the Storm"

BY E. T. REED

BERT SMITH (*on coal-black steed*): "Somehow, Cookie, I don't think we've made much of a hit as the '*Two Norsemen o' the Acropolipse*,' or whatever they call it! Strikes me we'll be lucky if we get a walking-on job in the next little venture!"

THE ST. LEGER

By "CARBINE"

COMEDY KING

CAISSOT

Odds on the Favourite

ONE of the great disappointments of the racing season is the failure of Lancegaye to get through his preparation for the St. Leger in a satisfactory way. I had looked to this colt to make a great race of it with Coronach on the Town Moor, and now that bad luck has befallen him the last of the season's classic events looks a good thing for Lord Woolavington's champion. Those who want to back Coronach on Wednesday will certainly be called on to lay odds. Now, the average punter detests to have to bet odds on his fancy, and you can take it for granted that a large proportion of the vast crowd on the Town Moor will be trying to find something to beat the favourite. As a student of form I candidly confess that the race seems to be all over "bar shouting." But as an old racegoer I realise that these supposed certainties frequently do come unstuck. I propose, therefore, to take a glance at Coronach's probable rivals in order to estimate which of them has the best chance of beating him.

Photographs CORONACH *W. A. Rouch*

Bad Luck for Manton

ALEC TAYLOR is entitled to our sympathy in connection with this great race. Before Lancegaye developed leg trouble Swift and Sure fell a victim to the same trouble. Thus the only really formidable candidate which the eminent Manton trainer is likely to saddle is Foliation. She is a beautiful filly and as game as can be. Those who support her each way are sure to get a gallant run for their money. Fillies are almost invariably at their best in September, and Mr. Somerville Tattersall's young mare should be at the top of her form this week. I am afraid you cannot make her out to have a winning chance on the book of form, but she is quite likely to run into the first three. There is not much to choose between Foliation and Comedy King on their recent running at York. The filly was beaten by a neck, but now meets the colt on 3 lb. better terms. Thus they should finish within inches of each other at Doncaster, though it must be borne in mind that the journey is appreciably longer.

Lord Derby's Hope

A COLT sure to come in for a fair amount of support is Caissot. From the early days of the year people have been expecting something big from Lord Derby's colt, but he has taken a long time to arrive at full maturity, and I question whether even now he is at his best. Still, the Hon. George Lambton has given him a special preparation for this race, and is hopeful that the colt will leave his public form far behind. He is one of the speculations of the race, which will unfailingly fascinate a great many punters. An international interest will be given to the St. Leger by the presence in the field of the French colt Masked Ruler. My own view is that the French three-year-old form is distinctly inferior to our own this season, but it is always imprudent to regard these French competitors with contempt.

Good for Coronach

I WAS able last week to report the excellent progress which Coronach has been making since he won the Eclipse Stakes. I sincerely hope that progress will not be interrupted at the last moment in any untoward fashion. I believe this is one of the best horses we have seen for a long while, and I trust he will not disappoint us in his endeavour to add his name to the slender list of thoroughbreds who in our time have carried off the Doncaster St. Leger as well as the Epsom Derby. Fred Darling has been good enough to assure me that, in his opinion—and there is not a sounder judge—the distance will not trouble Coronach. Should he remain fit and well, this colt should win as decisively on the Town Moor as he did at Epsom and Sandown Park. People who want fairly substantial odds to their money may find Foliation and Comedy King the soundest investments for win and place.

Other Big Events

THE St. Leger is only one of the many great attractions which Doncaster has to offer this week. On Thursday will be run the Portland Handicap, which rivals the Stewards' Cup as the most important race of its kind. On the concluding day of the meeting we have the Doncaster Cup. If one could be certain that he would be turning out for this event I should certainly favour that excellent horse Solario. As his presence at the tape is very dubious, however, we must look elsewhere for a probable victor. In his absence a likely winner is Pons Asinorum, who acquitted himself so brilliantly at York. On the same afternoon I shall expect Short Story to win the Park Hill Stakes, which is almost as historic as the St. Leger. I am convinced we did not see the best of Lord Astor's fine filly when she was beaten at York, and I look to her to put up a far better performance when she turns out at the Doncaster meeting.

"OOP NORTH"

BY "THE TOUT"

Some of the prominent personalities who are very much to the fore at Doncaster to-day (Wednesday), when the Leger will be fought out on the famous course

Produced August 12, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

STORIES of escapes from prison are perhaps among the most fascinating of the world's romances. It is, I think, generally conceded that Master Jack Sheppard was easily champion of the gentle art of breaking gaol, with Messieurs Richard Turpin and Claude Duval as very capable runners-up. In this play the exciting adventure is politely modernised, with Captain Matt Denant as the hero; and a prologue shows us how he qualified for his little bit of time. The gallant Captain is having a friendly little chat in Hyde Park with a Girl of the Town—a relaxation that seems to be becoming a habit with all sorts of distinguished gentlemen—when a plain-clothes officer hurries to the scene and attempts to arrest the Girl for plying her trade without a licence, or something of that sort. Captain Matt, as a sturdy defender of beauty in distress, encourages her to resist the minion of the law, and in the course of the ensuing squabble gives the minion a straight right-hander to the point. The unfortunate man falls in such a way that he knocks his head on the hard iron railings with fatal effect, and the Captain is "for it" accordingly.

THIS scene in Hyde Park is, of course, nicely topical, but whether it is really necessary to the development of the story is, I think, open to doubt. The play really begins with the first "Episode." It is a foggy afternoon on Dartmoor, and the convicts are gathering the potato crop. Captain Matt has already done a year of his "time," and he is feeling the monotony of his job very keenly. He therefore decides to escape. Much emphasis is laid on the fact that it is practically impossible to escape from Dartmoor, and that, if he should get away, he is bound to be recaptured soon and brought back to a bread-and-water regimen to show the official disapproval of private enterprise in convict settlements. Then the fierce excitement begins. The Captain is off. He once escaped from a German prison, and he reckons he can repeat his success in home waters, as it were. The rest of the play chronicles his varying reception when appealing for a hiding-place from his pursuers.

Stage Photo Co.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE

Matt Denant (Nicholas Hannen) gives the plain clothes man (Frank Freeman) a straight right that kills him. The Girl of the Town (Ursula Jeans), like all her sex, was at the bottom of the trouble

FIRST of all we have "The Bedroom of an Inn on the Moor." It is a lady's bedroom. Captain Matt never, of course, suspected this, or he would not have passed the night under the lady's bed. He would probably have made for the bathroom instead, though, now I come to think of it, that might have been worse. However, the lady (Miss Molly Kerr) proves to be a thorough "sport." She lets Matt shave himself with her husband's razor and tells him where he can find an angler's outfit in the hall below which will serve him as a useful disguise. Once or twice Matt is on the point of being discovered by a third party, and the excitement is kept at a high pitch all the time. While posing as a compleat angler by the river Captain Matt is engaged in conversation by a very friendly and amiable old gentleman, who, in closing the interview, cheerily addresses Matt by name, and hopes he will have a pleasant outing. Another narrow shave!

A LITTLE farther along the moor Matt comes upon a party of quite commonplace people having a picnic. They are at first impressed by the distinguished manners of the stranger; while he on his side feels a certain affection for them because they are surrounded by real food and he is starving. The conversation turns upon the escaped convict, and when Matt thinks he has diverted the attention of the company from his movements he is tempted to pick up a few scraps that have fallen, as

it were, from the rich man's table to appease his desperate hunger, and one of the ladies at once screams out her suspicions as to his felonious identity. But a gentleman does not stop to argue with people of that class. Matt simply hurries away from the distressingly vulgar people, steals their car, and makes another dash for safety.

HAVING reached a distant part of the moor, the Captain stops to ask his way of a lady and gentleman who are out for a stroll. Before he appears on the scene the lady announces that she has a stone in her stocking. The action of this episode is accelerated—or retarded, I am not sure which—while the lady leisurely removes her stocking to find the offending particle. When Matt comes strolling up he is promptly recognised, and there is a nicely comic scene in which he with his burly frame is half-heartedly threatened by the lady's undersized husband. Matt cannot afford an untidy scuffle, and so he hits the trail again, as the Americans say, and the action of the rest of the episode is retarded—or accelerated, I forget which—while the dainty lady resumes her stocking, and fastens it swiftly and surely to its upper moorings.

THE pursuit now becomes still more intensified. It is obvious that we cannot go on ringing the changes of hair-breadth escapes to infinity, otherwise the play would resemble some of the old Japanese dramas where you spent all day Monday in the theatre, and looked in once or twice during the rest of the week to see how the hero was getting on. Hitherto, we have been running with the hare; but now the hounds of justice have caught up with us, and the excitement increases commensurately. Finding every road barred by the police, Matt has run to cover in a deep gravel pit, where he finds a sturdy labourer ready to give him a wunner with a heavy shovel if he should attempt to break away. Escape seems now out of the question. But as dear old Bonaparte once said,

nothing is impossible, and in due course Captain Matt is on the trail again. A legitimate touch of humour here is the introduction of a simpering Land Girl who, hearing that the gentleman is an escaped convict, asks if he will be so kind as to favour her with his autograph.

BUT the chase is now warming up. Matt dashes breathlessly into the parlour of a cottage occupied by two maiden ladies, one of whom is an orthodox Christian and the other a sort of Free-thinker. The Christian lady is for giving the convict up; while the other is resolved to let him have a fighting chance to escape.

THE final episode occurs in the vestry of a village church, where Matt puts the unhappy parson in the position of either being obliged to utter a clear falsehood, or to be unsportsmanlike and give the game away. At this stage, however, Matt surrenders, as he cannot obviously allow the good man to perjure himself even to save a friend; and then we get the moral of the story which is to the effect that though we may escape from chokey, we cannot escape from our own better nature. Mr. Nicholas Hannen, playing the part throughout with a light humour, is a most thrilling Escaper. Mr. Leon M. Leon, first as a convict and then as the Old Gentleman of the moor, is agreeably perfect. JINGLE.

THE ARM OF THE LAW *Stage Photo Co.*

Matt Denant is caught at last and saves the parson (Austin Trevor) from an awkward position. Meanwhile the parson reproves the farmer (Paul Gill) for his delight at the convict's capture

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE football season has commenced. The ref-raff of the sporting world is again with us.

. . . . . .

LAST season we witnessed a league match when a bottle was hurled at the referee, and we recall the howl of execration that greeted the thrower. It was because he had missed!

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IT is good to read that Mr. P. F. Warner will skipper the M.C.C. side against the Argentine. We remember playing against him once when he was given out l.b.w. He, himself, declared he was "Plum" out.

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A NEW dog's club is being formed. May we humbly suggest as its motto: "Et foxterea nihil"?

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"LET'S go in the restaurant car."

"Right; that's where we get half fare."

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TO-DAY'S imperishable reflection: What would happen if one's blood really did boil, and if one really paid through the nose?

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A BREWER in the North-West district of London has christened his latest decoction, "Hops." Charitably, we surmise that it is Maida Vale!

. . . . . .

"I called, you know."

"Yes, but I was out."

"What do you mean?"

"I hadn't a heart!"

TO "Basil" (may he choke) we are indebted for the following gem:—

It happened in September
(Though it may have been November),
When I ambled in intoxicated pride;
Then my knees began to flutter,
And I rested in the gutter,
And a pig came up and laid down by my side.

As I laid there in the gutter,
Without any word to utter,
A lady, passing by, was heard to say,
"You can tell the man who boozes
By the company he chooses—"
Then the pig got up and swiftly walked away!

. . . . . .

FASHIONABLE London has hied to the deer forests, says a paragraphist. In other words the whole town's stalking.

BY FRED BUCHANAN

"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES"

"We had burglars at our place last night. By Jove, you should have seen me—as soon as I heard them I was downstairs in about three strides——"

"Ah—cat burglars!"

SUFFERERS from asthma are invited to try a new brand of cigarettes. Anyhow, it should be a relief from the old "gaspers."

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WE like the writer in a contemporary who described a certain motorist as one who did thirty work at the cross-roads.

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MR. COOK is annoyed with those miners who have returned to work. But the labourer is worthy of his ire.

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IT is said that man has conquered the air. We know, however, a certain cornet player who hasn't.

. . . . . .

FOR hitting a Park orator in the face with a tomato, one of the audience was fined. The latter certainly seems to have caught the speaker's eye.

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"I was struck by the number of men in Piccadilly who were wearing buttonholes of camellias," writes a penner of paragraphs. Once again he can observe the white flower of a blameless loaf.

. . . . . .

KOY MCBRIDE, the American boxer, has refused an offer of twenty thousand dollars to box an opponent. In the words of the bard he seems, "Uncertain, 'coy,' and hard to please."

. . . . . .

STRANGE sartorial costumes are to be worn by Cambridge undergraduates during the coming term. Once again we shall be asked to admire the Cambridge Bucks.

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AT a well-known London club last week a Bridge player revoked twice while playing the hand. We understand that he was buried with simple honours.

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BOBBY, asked to write a sentence containing the word "bearable," indited: No man on the Stock Exchange can "bear" a "bull."

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ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: At this time of year it is easy to spot the out-of-work actor because as Shakespeare said, "he hath a nipping and Bodega air."

The Chaplin—isation of "Henry J"

BY DAVID WILSON

Sir Henry Wood is the latest artistic celebrity to fall a victim to the charm and culture of Mr. Charles Chaplin. Those who rush to Queen's Hall, however, expecting to find visible results of his hero-worship may be agreeably disappointed

"That Feller Rubens!"

by Eric Maschwitz.

IKEY FLAPHANGER was never more glad that he had the education than when Mrs. Thomas introduced him to Lady Symingdale, the diploma exhibit of that human menagerie, the Hotel Lisbon, Russell Place, London, England. Mrs. Thomas was the female Sanger who owned and managed that same menagerie (she aspired to run a "salong," but had never risen above a lodging house!). Ikey Flaphanger was over from New York upon business not unconnected with the skins of wild beasts. He did not stay at the Savoy in case Edsel Ford should come along and embarrass him by calling out "Hallo, Ike!" The Hotel Lisbon was one-tenth the price, anyway!

So much for the *dramatis personæ*, as the theatre programmes have it!

Yes, Ikey was glad that he had the education because, when Mrs. Thomas performed the introduction, she said, "Lady Symingdale, permit me to present to you Mr. Flaphanger from the United States. I feel sure that you will find his conversation most entertaining!" That, you understand, was the tone of the hotel. Mrs. Thomas wanted you to feel you were a member of a big social house-party, instead of the poor boob who had to pawn his dress suit regularly every Friday night in order to meet her "little account" on Saturday.

Just a brief word, patient reader, about the education of this Flaphanger person. He was no graduate of Harvard. His education, like other people's greatness, had been thrust upon him—by a gentleman with mesmeric eyes who pointed from the page of a magazine and asked in heavy capitals:

"When they mentioned Spinoza, did *you* reply, 'No, I do not care for green vegetable!'"

Mr. Flaphanger had been so stunned by the force and pertinency of the question that he had dazedly perused the rest of the page and therein had learned that his mother (she had died years before through over-eating at the synagogue social) expected him to grow up "100% cerebellum" and that his *fiancée* would rejoice when she knew him to be "one of those brain-fit graduates of the Malcolm M. Maltravers Postal College of Learning."

From the moment he read the 100% cerebellum "ad." Ikey Flaphanger became the abject slave of that latter-day postal Socrates, Malcolm M. Maltravers. He greedily ate the $60 worth of intellectual pabulum, as you or I, reader, might eat a pound of *marrons glacés*. He learned about Dante and Hannibal, Emmanuel Kant, Catullus and the Great Wall of China. He read "Othello" in a peptonised version, and wondered at old man Brabantio letting his daughter marry a nigger. He completed the last of the "Little Blue Booklets" on the very morning his cabin-steamer hit Liverpool.

"And how do you like England, Mr. Flipfinger?" asked Lady Symingdale, all whalebone, watered silk and cameo necklet. She had a filtrated voice. Her words came out slow but pure.

"I like it very well!" said Ikey.

"*This*, of course," went on Lady Symingdale in a low voice, indicating the plush and ormolu magnificence of the hotel lounge and the figure of Mr. Gabriel Rossiter, the celebrated artist, finishing his post-prandial cigarro on the end of a pin, "is not England!" She sighed heavily. "I wish I had been able to show you The Towers!"

"Ah!" said Ikey Flaphanger.

"That *was* England, now—the great old England of Shakespeare and Good Queen Bess!"

"1558 to 1603!" snapped Mr. Flaphanger, 100% cerebellum at once.

"You should have seen The Towers—the haunted room—the moat—the drawbridge—the portcullis—the oubliettes!"

"They must have been *grand!*" enthused Ikey.

"All gone, Mr. Flipfinger! All—gone! The Towers went under the hammer the year after my poor husband broke his neck in the hunting field. I have nothing left now—except the old family pictures and a few relics—such as the sword with which Ghislain de Symingdale fought at Bosworth!"

"Ain't that a shame!"

"It broke my heart to leave the dear old place. When I went to the stables for a last good-bye, my dear old brown mare licked my hand!"

"Did she now!" sighed Ikey sympathetically.

"The dear old tenants lined up to give me a last cheer!"

Mr. Flaphanger was almost weeping. He was real glad to have the education. But he must look up 'n see what them oobliettes were. She'd had one on him there!

"If you are interested in pictures," went on Lady Symingdale, "perhaps you would care to see my Rubens?"

"Say, that's queer. Last thing I saw in New York before I sailed was Alma Rubens in a movie called ——"

"Peter Paul Rubens!" she gently corrected. "He was a great painter. We have had one of his canvasses in the family for centuries!"

"Yeh, I know all about *him*!" lied Mr. Flaphanger quickly.

"Then I must show you his picture." It was arranged that he should visit her sitting-room next morning for the purpose of inspecting the heirloom. The fortunate possessor of that gem of art then extended three white fingers to be shaken and rustled off to bed.

For some time after she had gone Ikey Flaphanger sat alone, writing mental and unsolicited testimonials to the genius of Malcolm M. Maltravers. He felt that he had acquitted himself very creditably indeed. His self-felicitatory meditation was interrupted by the voice of Mr. Gabriel Rossiter. Rossiter was an artist, and, as any amateur Craig Kennedy could have judged from the condition of his boots and celluloid collar, an unsuccessful one.

"Hullo, Flapdoodle!" said the man of art. "Has her Royal and Ancient been telling you that one about the Rubens?"

Ikey nodded guardedly. "Vy Rossiter, ain't she got one?"

"She has; and, what's more, there's a nice little packet of money in it for someone!" He extricated an evening paper from his coat pocket and pointed to a paragraph. "Read that!"

Ikey read.

"RUBENS AT CHRISTIE'S.

"At Christie's celebrated sale-rooms a canvas by Rubens to-day changed hands for £35,000."

"Vell?" he said.

"Lady S.—family Rubens—evil days—might part cheap," said Rossier, tapping his nose.

"You mean that? Der Rubens would fetch——!"

"Thirty-five thousand pounds, my American friend! One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! More still, if you took it back to the States where millionaires are waiting in rows with their tongues hanging out for a genuine Peter Paul to decorate their mansions on Coney Island!"

"Vy do you tell me this?" Ikey asked suspiciously.

"Oh, if you're worrying about paying me a commission," laughed Rossier, "you can set your mind at rest. I can't attempt the deal myself, being short of the ready, so I thought I would give *you* the chance."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Flaphanger. "Thank you, Rossiter. I vill think it over."

Next morning Mrs. Thomas stopped Mr. Flaphanger on his way down to

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(*Continued on page 540*)

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Echoes of the "Children's Hour"

BY CHLOE PRESTON

"BERTIE BINKS OF BALHAM . . . LOOK IN THE COAL SCUTTLE . . ."

AN ALTAR—A

ALTAR—ATION

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BY JACK GORDGE

DIANA OF THE DOWNLANDS

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

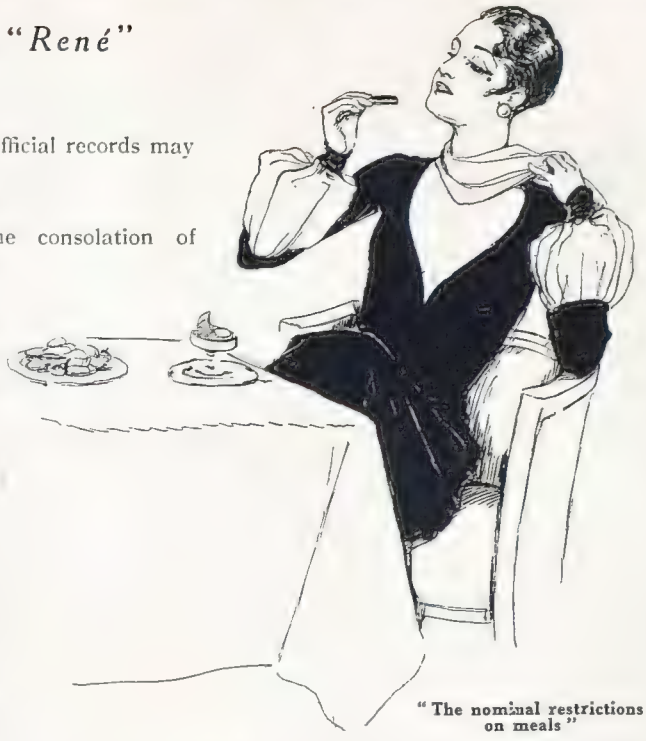
MES AMIS—

So all that fuss, made by a few xenophobe Parisian writers, about France being bought up at a few *schillings* a time by myriads of ravenous *Anglais*, turns out to relate to fewer than one hundred thousand Britons. What an eye-opening revelation!

THE statistics published by the French National Tourist Office, whose London representative is so beneficially active in the interests of the two countries, should bring an end to the rubbishy allegations which have done so much harm by embittering the French people and causing them to look upon all tourists as vultures battening on the body of France.

I AM not too confident, however, for trouble-makers of the character of these writers do not allow themselves to be hampered by facts. Having taken up the theme that swarms of British vampires were descending on France, particularly British unemployed, they will probably continue to repeat the allegation, whatever official records may say to the contrary.

STILL, we have the consolation of knowing that we are not in any equivocal position, and that whatever hostility has existed, or may persist, is restricted within narrow limits. Moreover, there is an additional cause for satisfaction, which I have learned in recently travelling about the provinces, namely, that the episodic unpleasantness in the Paris region seems to have been of only local extent, and that the provincial French are as hospitable as ever to the visitor, even though he may hail from a country possessing an advantageous exchange rate.



"The nominal restrictions on meals"

IN Normandy, in particular—and I have lately travelled the length and breadth of it—the traditional good feeling was everywhere evident, and an Englishman could not have been made more comfortable even in his own country. I begin to wonder whether the Normands do not love the English even better than they like the Parisian. Certainly the Parisian and the Normand are far from getting on well together. The Parisian perpetually accuses the Normand of being grasping, but a long experience of Parisian sou-clutching suggests that this must be a matter of the pan calling the kettle black, and that the Parisian's real grievance is that he can't get the better of the countryman.

AS part of the energetic and, so far, markedly effective Poincaré campaign to rescue the franc, we are to be subjected to a number of restrictions which are described as the *grande pénitence*. If the restrictions so far announced are to be the limit, then the term ought to be *petite pénitence*, for the amount of hardship involved is not sufficient to embarrass anybody very seriously, so far as I can see.

MAYBE it is not quite so pleasant to eat bread which has been baked the day before, particularly bread in the form of rolls or *croissants*, which go so toothsomely with the morning coffee, but it would be pronounced exaggeration to describe this as privation, as it is merely the substitution of good ordinary fare for a luxury. Moreover, there is an added sweetness to every bite of yesterday's bread for a Frenchman, in

"The *Parisienne's* decision"

"*Croissants* which go so toothsomely with the morning coffee"

the knowledge that it means so many francs the fewer going to the United States for American wheat.

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And as for the nominal restrictions on meals in restaurants, which lay down that there must not be more than two main dishes, it is doubtful if the majority of people will notice that there is any limitation whatsoever, for when you can have a fish course and a meat course sandwiched between the lunch-time *hors d'œuvres* or the evening soup, and followed by a choice of abundant delicious cheeses and sweets, with *petits fours* or ices, he would be a glutton who would ask for more. Penitence in plenty, as this is, should not produce many victims.

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Those winter fashion designers have most certainly an obsession for the masculine touch in their present series of models. The knee-breeches which they are pushing most vigorously ought to have contented them, surely, but, so far from that, they seem to have contained encouragement to further encroachments. Following the breeches are presented waistcoats.

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The next designer who gets heady in this direction will probably submit braces, or plus fours with a diamond-buckled belt, completed perhaps with a cap and a pipe. Any of these would have as much chance of finding favour with the *Parisienne élégante,* I should think, as breeches, gaiters and waistcoats. There may be heavy-footed tourists who will succumb to these innovations, but I am willing to risk a hundred louis on the *Parisienne's* decision.

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I see that the delightful book of my old friend M. Herriot, "In the Forests of Normandy," has been translated into English and published by Cassell's. I would strongly recommend anyone who wishes to obtain further insight into the spirit of this entrancing province, so packed with historical and romantic interest for the Englishman, to secure a copy, for M. Herriot approaches an obviously adored subject from a side which must be quite new to the majority of readers, and deals with it in the most masterly manner.

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As a writer of musical and richly coloured French, the ex-Premier is a dozen times better than he is as a politician, and one cannot help but regret that he should waste his time in miserable political controversy when he can write such beautiful books. This work, in particular, is all the more remarkable when one remembers that it was put together very rapidly while he was suffering acute pain and undergoing a "cure" at Bagnoles de l'Orne.

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British tourists are apt to neglect the corner of Normandy with which he deals mainly, the forest country of "La Suisse Normande," and content themselves with the coast resorts, but they would be well advised to make the tour after a study of M. Herriot's book.

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The British colony of Paris is bestirring itself this year, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that certain people are bestirring themselves, on its behalf. Following the decision to maintain a permanent British theatre, a proposal is now under very good way for the establishment of a British Institute, which will come to the aid of British students in Paris.

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Much of the effort behind this movement must be attributed to the Marquess of Crewe, who, as Ambassador, is a true leader despite his habit of self-effacement when the moment for attributing credit arrives. It is to be hoped that the proposal goes through to realisation, for an institution of this character can be of such immense help.

René.

"The traditional good feeling was everywhere evident"

"ON PARADE!"

Stage Photo Co.

MISS POLLY WARD

Who has been detailed for service as O.C. "Kinky Kids" in "R.S.V.P." at the Vaudeville, photographed in "revue" order. The second version of this show is proving fully as popular as the first

The Lighter Side of Life

Photographs

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS AND MISS BETTY BALDWIN, DAUGHTER OF THE PRIME MINISTER

Sport and General

THE HON. SOMERSET MAXWELL AND THE HON. MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH

Two photographs taken at the recent shoot over Craganour Moors. It was given by the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, and many well-known people were "among those present" in the butts

Central News

MISS SHEILA O'BRIEN

Topical

LORD BALFOUR

Central News

MISS CECIL LEITCH

A camera record from the course at North Berwick, where things are now literally "going with a swing." Lord Balfour was present to watch the American Ambassador playing

at Home and on the Lido

Photographs

MISS REDHEAD AND MR. RENNIE HOARE

Sport and General

LADY AMY BIDDULPH, MISS AUDREY BENNETT AND MISS REDHEAD

Two more camera "shots" from the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's shoot over Craganour Moors, in Perthshire. The guns were kept as busy as the camera during operations

Photographs

THE HON. MRS. EVELYN FITZGERALD AND THE PRINCESS J. L. DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE

LADY MENDL AND THE COUNTESS FRASSO ON THE BEACH

Alfieri

PRINCE UMBERTO, THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY

A trio of photographs from the sunshine of the Lido, where "Come unto these yellow sands" is still very much the order of the day. Incidentally, the yellow sands make an ideal background for the toilettes of the vast number of visitors

Other People's Pleasures

A LITTLE WALK

By DELL LEIGH

THE Voice of Authority spoke curtly down a telephone, and the Resident Engineer met me on the platform at Dalmeny.

"Shall we take a little walk?" was all he said then; and I, all innocent and rather bucked at the privilege, set out with him gaily along the viaduct that leads to the Bridge.

Most people's pleasure in the Forth Bridge consists in looking up from their BYSTANDERS, saying "Oh! we're going over the Bridge," and, after a stare through the carriage window at the view, returning to the absorption of the pages again. But the Resident Engineer has a pleasure all his own for which he pays nothing, and that consists in testing the nerves of the pedestrian visitor.

The Bridge is a mile and a half in length, 160 feet from the railway metals to the waters of the Firth below, and 361 feet from the top girder to the petrol launch which waits in constant readiness for the visitor's body underneath everything. It is a jolly morning, with what seems like a nice autumn breeze blowing in from the North Sea, and you begin your promenade towards the mass of steel chatting gaily.

Presently, however, a train appears ahead, the sleeping-car express from Aberdeen, four hundred and something odd tons of it, coming straight at you. The path on which you walk is exactly 6 feet broad to the line, and the footboards of the train overlap 3 feet. You have thus got 3 feet of sanctuary, some of which is taken up by the protuberance of your wretched body. The R.E. says "Best stand back close to the wall and hold on." And she is upon you with a roar. The bridge "vibrates a wee bittie." Those are *his* words. You feel like a pea on a sieve being shaken violently by an angry cook. And after what seems a couple of hours the agony and terror are overpast, you breathe again, and watch your perfectly good cap floating on the waters miles below. The R.E. then remarks cheerfully, "Best to get behind a signal or girder or something if you can; people have an irritating habit of chucking soda water bottles out of the window when passing over bridges." But there seems to you nothing in the wide world to get behind, except his broad body. And the trains are coming every three minutes just now.

Ten years have been added to your life up to this point. Then begins the mountaineering. We go up inside the hollow steel tubes, nearly large enough to contain the Aberdeen express itself, on iron ladders, and all is happiness and peace, though tiring rather. He opens a man-trap at the top and climbs out, calling upon you to follow and "mind your head." You thrust a head out, and the effect of the gentle summer breeze up here is as if someone had struck you in the face with his open hand.

To be anywhere on the upper superstructure of the Forth Bridge is a matter requiring prayers and fasting to the unaccustomed layman. You are walking about with precarious feet *in the sky*. And yet there are men up here painting nonchalantly, sitting on things they call "cradles," with their legs dangling over infinity. There are a couple of feet of girder for you to stroll about on, and a handrail. He says: "Best not to look down: forget all about the height: then you are perfectly safe." This is not unlike asking the patient in the dentist's chair to forget he has got an abscess in his jaw.

After a certain amount of this sky slack-wire walking, he suggests we go down *on the outside* of the lattice girders. You begin this *facilis descensus Averni* and see a train passing below. The engine and sleepers look about the same size as your spectacles case. But in spite of that it seems to be swinging the Bridge twenty or thirty feet each way, and you feel perfectly certain by this time that every scrap of colour has gone out of your hair and that it is now snow-white.

Nevertheless, most nightmares have their end eventually, and when by the grace of a kindly Providence you find yourself on the permanent way at last, you fumble feverishly for your cigarette case and pretend you have "enjoyed it awfully." You learn during the tottering walk back to Dalmeny many things about this mammoth bridge. But what interests you most is the psychology of the men always at work upon it, painting its monstrous members. The external work, they tell you, has to cease when the wind gauge registers above 30 m.p.h., because there is a likelihood then of the men being swept off as you sweep crumbs from a table with the side of your hand. And yet here they are, with the wind of 20 (it feels like a hurricane to you), strolling about in mid-air with a paint-pot in one hand, whistling rag-time.

The maintenance gangs have their pleasure, like the rest of mankind; this consists of collecting the pennies people throw out of the windows "for luck." But I am rather grimly pleased to hear that the R.E. has his trials as well as his pleasures, not the least of which is when a "windy" engine driver reports at 2 a.m. that he has heard "awful rattling" on the bridge as he came over. Up gets the R.E., muttering things, only to find, after a mile walk in blinding rain, that a metal shoe key has been hung by a workman on the steel lattice railings, and that the vibration of the passing train has magnified its clanking about 300 per cent. However, as he says, it is all in the day's work—and the night's . . .

By RUFUS

GETTING TIED UP

SHE: "Tell me, do they close the portholes when the tide rises?"

When August draws to its close, if the year has been well favour'd, the HOPS will be ripe for picking. And those which are EXCELLENTLY FINE will be purchas'd for the brewing of that Ale which needs must have the Choicest : BASS

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TELLING THE WORLD

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *September 6.*

DEAR COUSIN—

Now that the tumult and the shouting's died and everyone's swum the Channel but us, can't help thinking, can you, that the sea (like us) must be feeling ever so much more restful? Especially as about the last boat-load of those Amurricans who cross the aforesaid ocean in the expensive but less troublous manner would appear for ever (or for this season, anyway) to have quitted these shores, to return full of all sorts of accumulated uplift to their and God's country. And they'll tell the world, won't they, or, at any rate, Oshkosh, Pa., and Madrille, Ma., and all the rest of 'em, all about this lil' ole burg being a sure one-horse joint or the cutest ever as the case may be. And all the other folks or guys to Cyrustown or Chipmunk or Noo Yark, or whatever it may be, will exclaim po-litely, "Oh my! You don't say!" or words to that effect—and be all poker-faced with boredom all the time.

"Return full of accumulated uplift"

卐

FOR, yes, I do believe it's beginning to happen all over the place just about this time, that little eternal touch of Nature that makes the whole world, more or less, kin, as they say, even the U.S. and us. Here, too, even at one's very thresholds, *n'est-ce pas?* dear Cousin, not to say drawing-rooms and clubs and tubes and 'buses and theatre *foyers* and restaurants and dance places and frock shops and hatteries and bingleries and what not. . . . The exceeding loud and triumphant cry, I mean, of the Back-from-the-Holidays Contingent, that will not be stayed until you've heard every single little thing all about it, and wouldn't for worlds let you miss one solitary one of the joys that have been theirs for the past fortnight or month or more—the dear, sweet, kind, unselfish things, aren't they?

卐

THOSE simply *perfect* days on the Lido or at Dinard or Seaview or Newquay or Eastbourne or Southend as the case may be. . . . Such *delightful* rooms we had at only so much per week yes wasn't it cheap and quite a lot of the food quite eatable and oh those *wonderful* sunsets. That reminds me we took some snapshots I just happen to have with me and you see there's the church and there's the sea and the links are up there just the other side of that hill and there's where we were staying oh no that's the cemetery it was just round here. . . . And oh my dear we *were* lucky the most *charming* people we met there like that darling Duchess of Ditchwater and Sir Marmaduke Jones the Indian man you know (or Mr. Puffkins, O.B.E., who has that big house at Brixton, as the case may be). . . . You know the sort of thing, what?

卐

I KNOW, thou knowest, he knows, she knows—in fact, as they used to sing in that ancient song of at least six years ago, or something rather like it. Yet still they go on doing it, and we go on enduring it—'cos, of course, *we'd* never *dream* of inflicting ourselves on our poor fellow-creatures like that, would we? A few kind and well-chosen words, perhaps, here and there, in response to eager enquiries about where we've been

"Up in bonnie Scotland"

"At Murray's"

and how we enjoyed it, possibly even a brief description of the place if the poor dear things have never been there—but none of these positively blatant and indecent outpourings of second-hand enthusiasm, I'm *sure* . . . at least . . . yes, I'm quite certain.

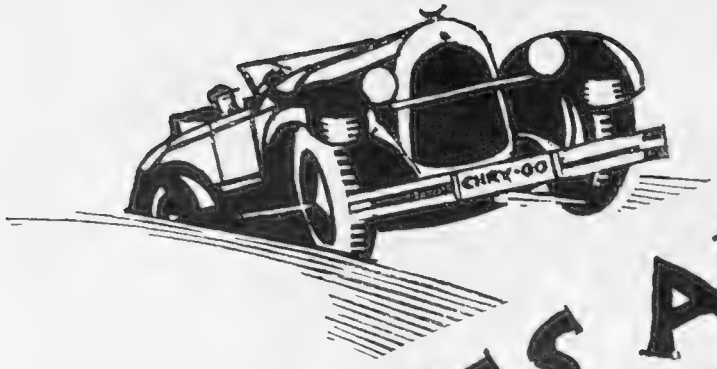
卐

THOUGH, you know, I can really quite sympathise sometimes with even the too terrible bores *ces autres* so often make themselves when they're trying quite hopelessly to infect us with their own just acquired joys and intoxications of a quite new and exciting atmosphere. Don't know about Margate and Southend, though I expect they have their intriguing points, too, if you're made that way. But when I slam the door of everyday life and am magically transported to the fairy sands and softly caressing green slopes of Devon, where the air and the people and their voices are all gentle and kind, or the exquisitely rugged Highland coast, with its keen, clean atmosphere and inhabitants to match, with accents as rugged as the landscape and almost as bracing. . . . Not to mention the little picturesque villages of Normandy, or Guernsey, that enchanted Isle of Idleness, or Sicily, so adorable that its very name nearly makes me burst into tears of longing. . . .

卐

FRIGHTFULLY disrespectful thing, I suppose, to say of any of the respected pillars of

(*Continued on page* 556)



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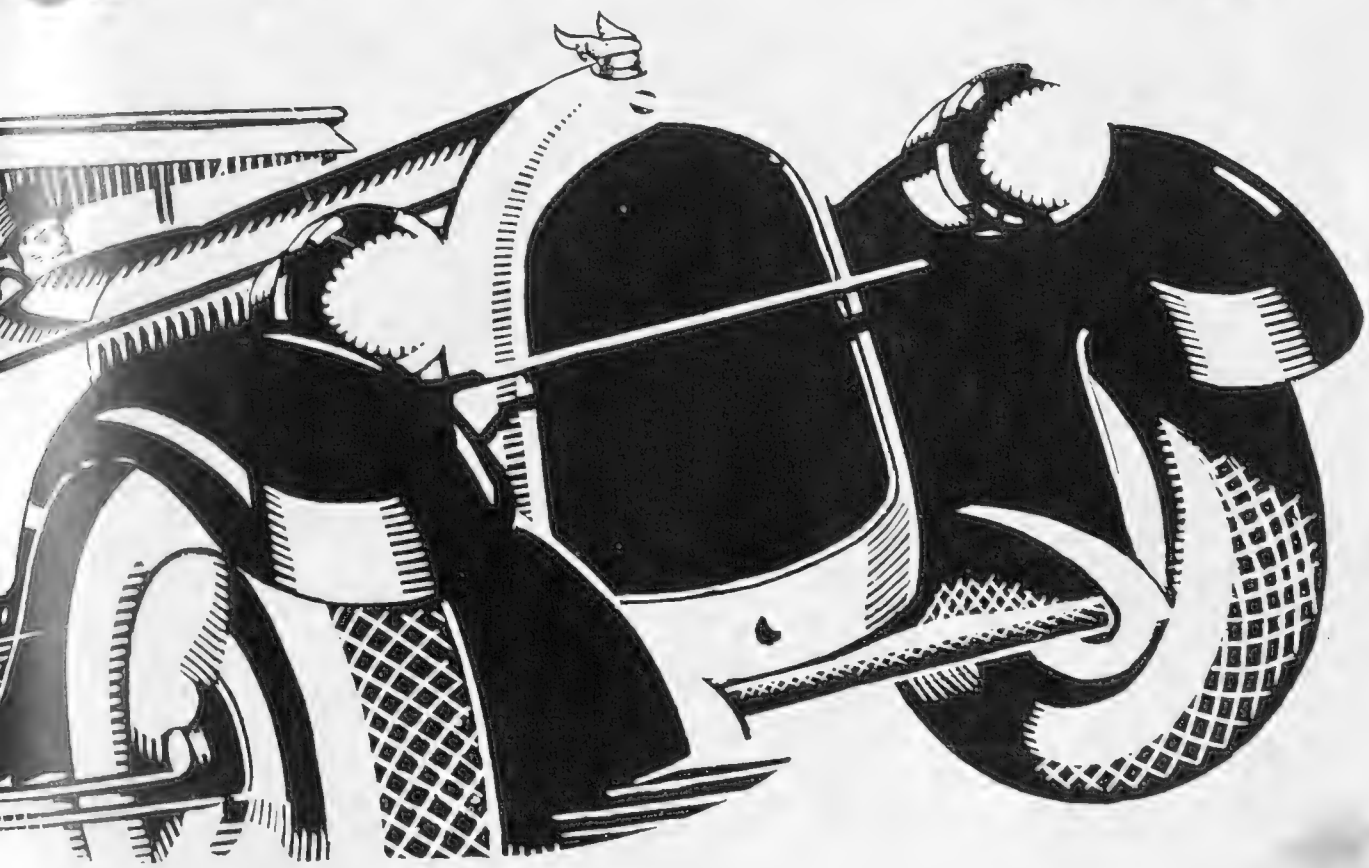

our stage, but I don't care an Amsterdam, as Mr. Melville Gideon puts it in one of those nice little tinkly songs of his in the new Co-Optimists' show at His Majesty's. Wherein Mr. Davy Burnaby is also as gigantically genial as *comme habitude,* and Mr. Gilbert Childs and Mr. Austin Melford are very sweet as two nice white-clad ghosts. Sir George, of the Haunted Tower, and Lord Herbert, the murdered Marquis, who are thinking of going on strike, but do a skeleton dance instead. And Mr. Childs sings with a pathos that makes it seem a positive shame to laugh about how

> Tears, tears, sorrowful tears,
> Are falling in London town.

Also concerning the manner in which

> They are weeping up in Wapping,
> And they're sobbing in Soho.

卐

And so Mr. Burnaby, having lured us on to join in his newest, silly little song of "What? No Spinach?" to bed, or, p'r'aps, rather to the Piccadilly, where they're giving that rather alluring new cabaret show, with Mr. Hal Sherman as a somewhat frivolous Henry VIII, complete with a whole galaxy of wives at once, and some of his well-known odd dancing to boot. Likewise, those very graceful new dancers, Tamara and somebody, who are so seductive in sedatish Spanish measures, but I do wish it didn't become, seemingly, a *sine quâ non,* as they say, for every cabaret dancer now to finish up by whirling his partner all round his head or carry her on his shoulder round the room—which isn't so terribly amusing as would appear to be thought. Also, *chez,* "the Dilly," there is one Bee Palmer, a lady of lovely figure, plainly visible, as you might say, to the naked eye, but . . . but at this moment we hurry onwards, methinks, quite rapidly to Murray's, for a quiet turn or two on that nice floor to dulcet strains of the delightful Ginks' band. And so, *enfin,* really to bed.

"Southend or Margate"

卐

Great doings meanwhile, I hear, up in bonnie Scotland, where the Hieland Gatherings, as they call 'em, are going strong — and don't you ever dare to smile thereat in your cynical Lowland way, because they're simply terribly exclusive and hard to get into even if tossing the caber or doing the Highland fling doesn't give you any very fearful thrill. But London somehow doesn't seem a bit empty, especially at smart first nights like the Coward one and the new Winter Garden shows last week, whereof more anon. And they've invented a new hair-cut for us in Paris that's a sort of hybrid, so to speak, and's been christened the Botticelli bob, which you'll guess what it looks like if ever having frequented the Uffizi at Florence. And there are murmurs of knee breeches for us, also crinolines—nothing like not knowing where you are, is there? With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BAD BUSINESS DOUBLES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

The longer I play Bridge, the more I am convinced that against good players doubling does not pay. Doubling for penalties (I am not referring to informatory doubles) has been described as the cream of Bridge. But often it turns out to be skimmed milk. The fact is that good players nowadays do not lay themselves out for big penalties. The occasions when you catch them napping are rare. In the rubber game with the score at game all they will take risks to save the rubber, and it may be you get them down 200, or even 300, points on a double. That is all very well if afterwards you win the rubber.

But how often it turns out that if you had chosen you might have had the rubber yourself instead of the double, and in the end you lose it just because you didn't seize it when you could. You exchange the substance for the shadow. It has happened to me so often, and I expect it has to you.

My advice in the final game is to go for the rubber every time, and not for penalties.

There is another aspect of the matter. Usually it is impossible to tell what a double is likely to yield. A freak hand will upset the most promising looking double.

. . . . . .

But the most unsatisfactory business doubles are those which drive the opponents into another suit. I am not an advocate of the slogan, "Never double anything unless you can double everything." That is, I think, carrying the thing to an extreme. But to know when to let well alone is an admirable piece of advice. Here is a hand where a business double "upset the apple cart":—

	Y	
	S.—A, Q, 10, 4, 3, 2. H.—10. D.—A, 3. C.—Q, 7, 5, 3.	
S.—K, J, 9, 8, 6, 5. H.—K, Q. D.—K, 10, 9, 4, 2. C.—None.	A	B S.—7. H.—J, 9, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2. D.—Q, J, 6, 5. C.—9.
	Z	
	S.—None. H.—A, 7, 6. D.—8, 7. C.—A, K, J, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2.	

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One Club"; A, "No bid" (this was timorous of A, but I suppose he thought "One Club" was a harmless bid, even though he had none); Y, "Two Clubs"; B and Z, "No bid"; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Double"; B, "Three Hearts"; Z, "Four Clubs"; A, "Four Hearts"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Double." All pass.

Z opened the King of Clubs, and B made four Hearts, losing only a Heart, a Diamond, and a Spade.

. . . . . .

Now all this arose from Y's double of "Two Spades." If Y had not doubled, but had left in the bid, B would not have called, and A must have been down on his contract. The double made B show his Hearts, with disastrous results for Z. Z could have made a grand Slam in Clubs. His double was not particularly good, but was, no doubt, due to the fact that Y had doubled Spades.

This is an illustration of tragedies which frequently occur at the Bridge table through doubling at the wrong time.

As a matter of fact, however, Y and Z, if they had been astute, could have defeated the contract. At trick 2, taken by Z with Ace of Hearts, he should have led a Diamond and put in Y. If Y now leads Ace of Spades, Z discards his only remaining Diamond. A Diamond lead by Y gives Z a ruff, and B is down on his contract. But this did not happen.

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September Gleanings from the

AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS *Central News*

The victorious Lancashire County Cricket team photographed, complete with smiles of victory, after they had won their way to the County Championship. Their last championship was won twenty-two years ago

Dennis Moss

A BRIGHT LOOK-OUT

Mrs. Earle with Captain H. G. Morrison and Mr. B. St. G. Fowler, two members of the Zawatis team at the West Somerset Polo Tournament at Dunster. The Zawatis were well to the fore at the meeting

Topical

ON THE "GRAND STAND"

Lord and Lady Cromwell snapped at the Rugby Polo club's recent tournament. Their coign of vantage appears comfortable if not elegant

Camera's Harvest on Field and Court

THE WAITING GAME *British Illus.*

Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Stewart and Mrs. Hardy patiently waiting the arrival of the hounds. The photograph was taken at the recent meet of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds at Sheffield Park

TAKING THEIR CALL *Sport and General*

Miss Mary Gibson and Master Alan Collins, who won the Mixed Doubles in the Junior American Tournament at Frinton-on-Sea. Miss Gladys Cooper is seen presenting them with their cups

Photopress

YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS FLING!

Four youthful but gallant gentlemen escorting their partners to the scene of action. The photograph was taken at the Surrey Junior Lawn Tennis Championships which were held at Surbiton last week. The entries were very large in all the events

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

AMONGST the short-story writers of this country Mr. Stacy Aumonier occupies an enviable position. There is hardly a reputable magazine in Great Britain or the United States which would not welcome him amongst its contributors. The reason for his success is very simple. He does not allow himself to be hampered by any question of technique. He is not writing to any particular model, and when rules are necessary, he invents them for himself.

Primarily, he is interested in people, more particularly in the people whose affairs are not too often recorded in print. Curiously dramatic things happen to these people, but the drama about them is never artificial. It is generally that veiled drama in the background whose existence so many of us fail to notice at all. He will take an "ordinary" man and woman, and allow you to see them through his own magic glasses, and—of course they are not ordinary at all. (Nobody is.) And at the end you find that you have been intrigued and entertained, and are left wondering why this or that little facet of life had never before thrust itself at you.

If you read *The Baby Grand* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) you will find Mr. Aumonier at his best. Here are ten stories, each entirely different from the others, but all—even the astoundingly improbable affair of the furniture-salesman—bearing relation to real life. The hero doesn't invariably fall into the heroine's arms in the last sentence—sometimes there isn't a heroine at all—but there is nobody in whom you are not mightily interested.

So you want to be sure that you understand why old Mr. Journée, the architectural carver who has such trouble with his "famous" son, is so rightly called a happy man. You may know from the beginning that the wealthy Madame Vieninoff, who drifts about from hotel to hotel, is not telling the truth about her late husband, but you could not possibly guess what really had happened, and nobody except Mr. Aumonier could have made you believe in its truth.

And where else are you likely to meet a man like Mr. Colin St. Clair Chasseloup, a sort of cave-man who can only be tamed by Bach? True, the savage breast has been soothed musically for some centuries, but never in quite the same satisfactory way. Then in *Barney's Laugh* a whole philosophy of life is set forth in the course of a political dinner-party. No women are present, but at the last moment room has to be found for the nephew of one of the guests, a young officer, who in the midst of the political chatter—laughs. Nothing much, you think, but read the story, and you will appreciate the colossal effect which can be obtained from materials which to many writers would be useless.

The book, indeed, is a little panorama of life. At times you are chuckling quietly to yourself, at others you are giving a little gasp as you realise the author's real purpose. Sometimes you are genuinely frightened, as in the story of the Everlasting Club—a macabre thing—and sometimes you are minded to shout out with laughter. But every word is worth reading, and when the last page has been reached you ask for more.

THE Americans, we know, are a wonderful and surprising nation. In particular they are superlative salesmen. (You may even take a University course in salesmanship over there.) I doubt, however, whether even they have ever exported so amazing a salesman as Mr. A. A. Thomson's hero, Hannibal Huckabee. But you all know Mr. Thomson's little ways by this time—much of his work has appeared in THE BYSTANDER—and you make what are called allowances for him. He asks you to *Meet Mr. Huckabee* (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and you are naturally delighted to do so, and it does not matter two hoots how extravagant that gentleman's adventures may be.

Mr. Huckabee, frankly, is unbeatable. He could sell you anything, from a landed estate to a frying pan, particularly if you were neither in the mood nor in the financial position to buy them. And if you tried to prevent him from carrying on his business—more than a possibility, I fancy, should you really come across him—you would not get the best of it. Mr. Huckabee would land you the once-over—is that right? I *must* learn American one of these days—and you would grovel before him. To an impartial witness his methods at times appear open to question, but—who cares? Here is Mr. Thomson enjoying himself in a riot of fun, and at the end of it all but that is the author's little secret. You must discover it for yourself.

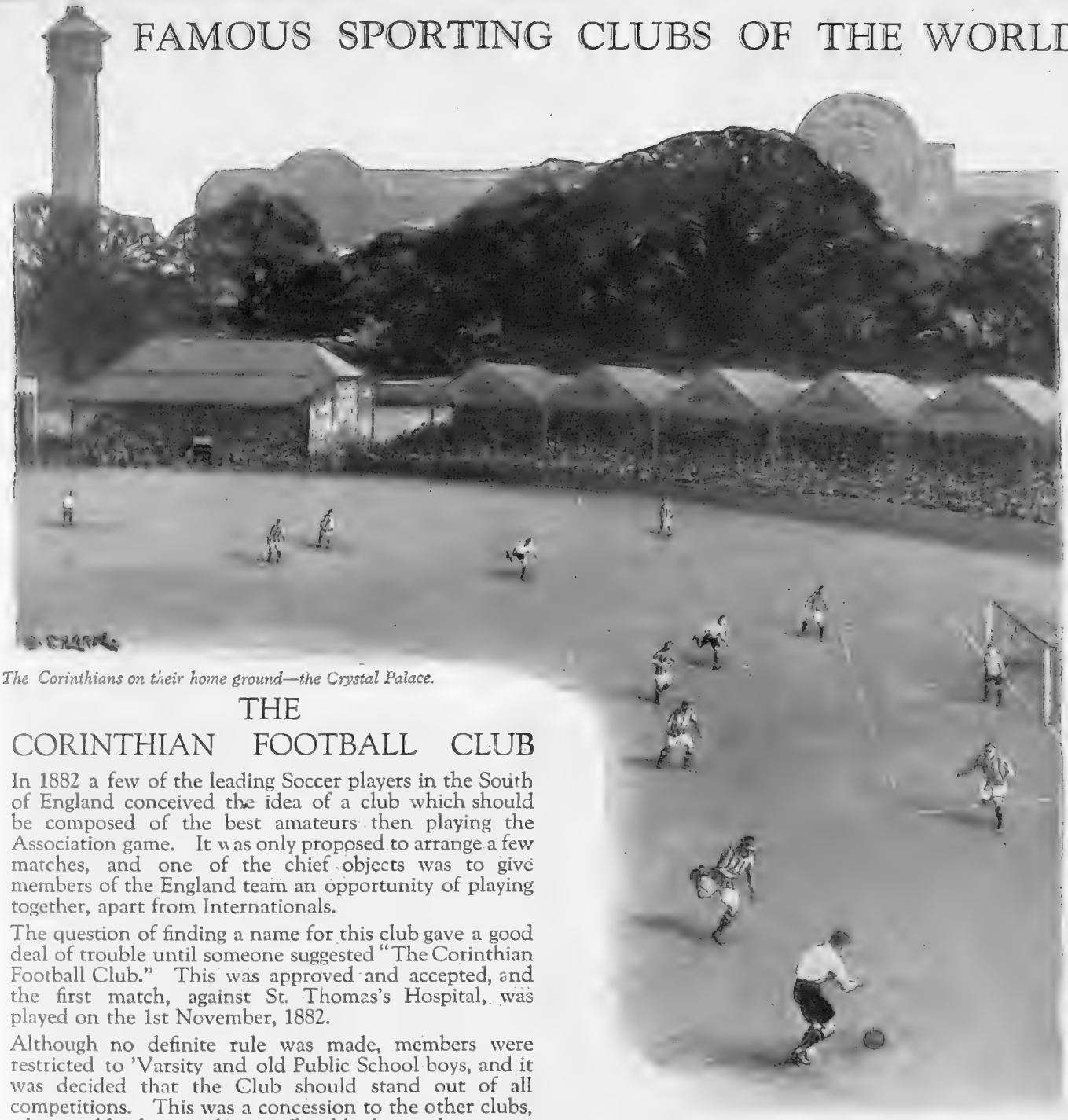
I AM afraid that Mr. Ian Hay is not at his best in *Half a Sovereign* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). "An improbable romance," by the author of *A Knight on Wheels* and *Pip*, raises up hopes, but they are hardly realised in this story of a cruise to Carthaginian waters. The people who are gathered together on Sir James Rumborough's yacht are not too amusing; in addition to which they are nearly all absurd caricatures. The Colonel who tells the story suddenly gets into touch with Queen Dido of Carthage, with surprising results, but although at times the fun is good, you feel all the while that the materials are rather better suited to a stage-farce than to a book, however improbable or romantic it may be. You read on, of course, because Ian Hay is always entertaining, but you cannot help thinking that this time he has not brought it off.

The Phantom Train (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Douglas Timins, is a complicated story which I, personally, did not find very exciting. Queer things undoubtedly happened in those far-away American stretches, when signalmen went mad, and a strange Chinaman lurked about, and a train that was like no other train rushed madly over the rails. A distinguished British mental specialist, who, conveniently enough, had started life as a railway detective, and a young gentleman who believed that his powers fell not far short of those of Mr. Sherlock Holmes's, set out to solve the mystery, but long before their task had been accomplished the coincidences had mounted up to a preposterous figure, and I confess that I "skipped" the last two hundred pages pretty freely.

MAJOR P. C. WREN

Whose books, "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur," have been "best sellers." He attributes their success to his publishers, Messrs. John Murray, and, we understand, has dedicated the latter to a member of the firm

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



The Corinthians on their home ground—the Crystal Palace.

THE CORINTHIAN FOOTBALL CLUB

In 1882 a few of the leading Soccer players in the South of England conceived the idea of a club which should be composed of the best amateurs then playing the Association game. It was only proposed to arrange a few matches, and one of the chief objects was to give members of the England team an opportunity of playing together, apart from Internationals.

The question of finding a name for this club gave a good deal of trouble until someone suggested "The Corinthian Football Club." This was approved and accepted, and the first match, against St. Thomas's Hospital, was played on the 1st November, 1882.

Although no definite rule was made, members were restricted to 'Varsity and old Public School boys, and it was decided that the Club should stand out of all competitions. This was a concession to the other clubs, who would otherwise have suffered by losing the services of their best players in some of their most important fixtures.

For many years the Corinthians were a match for any professional side in the Country. Such an array of internationals played for them as probably no other club can boast.

If for a time they lost some of their pre-eminence, they always did and do still maintain the splendid traditions with which their name has ever been associated. Conditions have changed somewhat in the past few years, and the Corinthians are now proving worthy entrants for the F.A. Cup. Amateur Soccer is gaining ground again and some day in the future a team may take the field at the Crystal Palace, where the Club now has its headquarters, which will not suffer by comparison with the greatest of the past.

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TOO FISHY!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Unsportsmanlike tactics of a competitor at a recent fishing tournament at Hampstead Ponds

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"WE ARE NOT SATISFIED if we do not tread on gems in our baths." Such was the luxury of the Romans. These days, few of us can boast a jewel ed bath, but there is still a luxury of the bath which we can all enjoy.

NOTHING is more luxurious, more infinitely refreshing after any form of exercise than a bath to which has been added just a little of Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne.

Just a little, because Atkinsons is not only the most fragrant Eau-de-Cologne, but by far the mo.t concentrated. Distilled from the blossom of real Neroli, blended with the very soul of Bergamot and Rosemary, Atkinsons is matured to come to you in the fullness of its strength and charm.

WONDERFUL, TOO, how it banishes headache, soothes the nerves, makes you feel new again. Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne is a personal perfume of a high order, and a most exhilarating Companion of the Bath.

Prices: 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 15/-, 20/-, Wickered Bottles, 2/9, 5/3, 11/6, 22/-, 42/-

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ATKINSONS

"GOLD MEDAL"

Eau-de-Cologne

S.H.B.

CHEERING THE VICTOR

Girl athletes cheering Miss Crossley after her victory in the Women's Olympic Games held at Gothenburg. She won the 1,000 metres Walking Race in record time

FEMINA

LONDON BAZAAR

By MRS. M. VINCE

I do not suppose that any London shop would dare to call itself by such a name. It would be too arrogant a title for any one shop—in London. Outside London it would be more possible; and the smaller the place the more possible it would be. If I wanted to find it I should certainly go to look for it in the most obscure and remote villages of England—villages where London is almost as far away and romantic as Bagdad or Teheran.

Where, in fact, I did find it, was not in England at all, but in a little port on a fjord in the Baltic. Vestervik was its name. At one end of its main street the country road entered it through an avenue of trees. At the other end was the quay-side. Across the water were wooded hills. Only a faint smell of salt and a three-masted ship told one that this was indeed a seaport and not a little town on a lake. In the middle of that main street was a shop with "London Bazaar" on its sign!

In the windows were copper pots and pans, and baskets painted with flowers, and glass jugs painted with tomte, the little red-capped, white-bearded elves of Sweden. There was nothing English in the windows. I went in. No one from London could do less than that. I had only fifteen minutes to spend in that place, and I gave eight of them to the London Bazaar. England makes many things for foreign countries which one could never buy in England. There is an English mustard which you can get everywhere in Sweden. The address on the pots is London, S.E.1, but no one in England has ever heard of its name, and I have asked for it in vain in London shops. So one can never be sure. Yet I think that, until I myself went in, there was nothing from London in the London Bazaar.

But that was not the first impression. What I saw first, with surprise and delight, was that London Bazaar in Vestervik was a toy-shop. Nothing outside had suggested it. There were one or two toys among the other things in the windows. Just so, in a little English town, you would find toys in the sweet-shop and the stationer's, but you would not find a toy-shop. This, beyond any doubt, was a toy-shop, an enormous toy-shop for so small a place. There must have been a toy in it for every one of the inhabitants of Vestervik, from the oldest to the youngest.

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE HURL AND THE GIRL

Miss L. Fawcett putting in a little strenuous practice at the Women's Olympic Games at Stockholm. She was second in the Javelin Throwing Competition

It is true that there was a second room given over to the glass and china and the copper and tin utensils, but the main part of the business was the selling of toys. It was the toy-shop which you entered first. When you had bought all that you needed in the way of toys, but not till then, you might go on and spend anything left over on pots and pans.

THE Swedes are, I know, a serious people, and the inhabitants of Vestervik must, I suppose, be serious even among Swedes. Only so can one explain the fact that, though the shop had no fewer than six windows—for it stood at a corner—not one was filled with toys. Copper and china and glass—it was these that were used to attract customers. Only when they were fairly inside would they discover what they were really intended to buy. No doubt they bought. No doubt many a kroner meant to replenish the kitchen was spent instead on the nursery. For the shop, and its owner and his assistant, looked prosperous and happy.

The chief mystery remains. Why the "London Bazaar"? There were many things which I should have liked to ask, and that question in particular. But one cannot do much in eight minutes with a foreign language. And so why it was called the "London Bazaar" must remain a matter of conjecture.

VESTERVIK is a port, and though few English people visit it, sailors' tales of London will be told there. The name may have come in that way. More likely still it is a purely fancy title. London is great, and rich, and far away. Just so do some English shops suggest Parisian elegance and exotic mystery by calling themselves "magasins."

More interesting than the reason of the name is to conjecture on the effect. Every child in Vestervik who has a toy will believe that it comes from London. Long before these children meet London in the geography book it must be to them a familiar and friendly name. Earliest impressions are the strongest. When what they have learnt at school about London's size and wealth and shipping is half-forgotten, those boys and girls will still associate its name with their first delights.

A RECENT MARRIAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Houldsworth Kenworthy photographed after their wedding at St. Mary le Strand. The bride was formerly Miss Rosalia Scheff, elder daughter of Mr. Leo Scheff

As they grow older they will learn that all games come from England—the lawn tennis which they have long played, the football which they have learnt to play in recent years. (To them it is a summer game, and you come across goal-posts most unexpectedly in the middle of the woods.) So to the boys and girls of Vestervik, on the Baltic, the enduring impression of England must be of an enchanted and enchanting place, where no one does anything but play.

WE have so many taxes and strikes and other bitter cares, that I felt much more grateful to the owner of the London Bazaar for helping the children of his town to have this fairy-frivolous idea of England than I would be to any foreigner for his solid praise of England's greatness.

BY APPOINTMENT

Presents for Men

It is the diversity of the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's stock of Suitable Gifts that ensures a satisfactory choice. To those unable to visit the Company's Showrooms, a selection of articles will be sent for approval, or an illustrated Catalogue posted upon request.

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only address 112, Regent Street London. W.1. no branches
(Corner of Glasshouse Street)

THE GIFT OF GLORIOUS YOUTH

Sunshine and summer breezes discussed by

MISS FAITH CELLI

"I think it is a very good thing to use a little of a good face cream to prevent the sun and wind from making the surface of the skin rough and red. I believe there are several creams of this kind, but I have never used any I like as much as Pond's—Pond's Vanishing Cream."

The Open-air life

"I can't tell you what an open-air life means to me—it *is* life to me. Of course my work brings me to town and holds me in town, but my heart is away out in the country, riding fancy free, the open downs around me and the open sky above me. Of course, I like London—how could I do otherwise, when London audiences have always been so kind to me? But I would never live in a town for choice, and if you have come to me for advice on how to look one's best in drawing-rooms or ballrooms, then I am afraid I cannot help you, because I simply am not interested. But I can give you a hint or two on how to enjoy the pleasures of an open-air life without undue anxiety about what the sun or the wind is doing to one's complexion. Nobody wants to get a coarse-grained skin, and that, of course, is the danger."

Summer holidays

I said that many thousands of women now planning summer holidays would be grateful to her for just this particular advice.

"Mind you," warned Miss Celli, "I am not one who at any time makes great use of toilet preparations. I was given a healthy, freckled skin by nature. I have had no need to cultivate it, all I have to do is to take a few precautions to see I don't lose it. And the first and most important thing is to live healthily.

Protection against sun and wind

"At the same time I think it is a very good thing to use a little of a good face cream to prevent the sun and wind from making the surface of the skin rough and red. I believe there are several creams of this kind, but I have never used any I like as much as Pond's—Pond's Vanishing Cream. I was told it was the best when I first began with it, and I have every reason to believe it is. Just to smooth a little on the skin before you go out takes no time. It is an adorable cream to use, and it really does have a marvellous effect."

A child of Nature

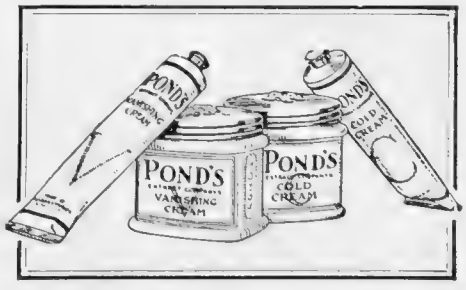
Miss Faith Celli is herself one of the most charming of persons—a child of Nature, a woodland fairy, entirely unspoilt by her successes (to which she is now adding another in "Caroline" at the Playhouse). Miss Celli's greatest triumph was in the part

Dorothy Wilding.

Faith Celli

of Margaret in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and one suspects it was because she herself was just the girl Barrie saw in vision—the artist's dream, the daughter who "might have been."

The delicacy of Pond's Vanishing Cream, with its exquisite fragrance, is perfectly in keeping with her own ethereal delicacy.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS. USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE

The cleansing cream

I suggested to Miss Celli that it is advisable to use *two* creams; that Pond's Vanishing Cream, although very valuable for daytime use, does not cleanse the skin. "Do you not think," I inquired, "it is necessary to use also a cold cream which will free the pores and remove all the deeply lodged impurities?"

Miss Celli agreed that as a general principle this method was good. "Particularly for those who have to live and work continually in the smoky atmosphere of towns or for those who go in for long motor drives on dusty roads. As I have said, I do not, as a rule, use any preparations other than Pond's Vanishing Cream. But I *have* used Pond's Cold Cream, and I think it is wonderful for cleansing and purifying the skin."

Soap and water not enough

Soap and water cleanse the surface only, the harsh alkali in soap is often harmful to the skin, leaving it harsh and rough. The pure oils in Pond's Cold Cream go deep down beneath the surface, soothing the tissues, freeing the pores and bringing to the surface all the deeply lodged impurities. When you remove the cold cream with a soft towel or a wad of cotton wool, all these impurities come away with it, leaving the skin clean, clear, soft and rejuvenated. Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream every night before you retire to rest, and during the daytime after any long exposure in the open air. This method will make your skin soft and delicate. An occasional touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream during the daytime will keep it always soft and delicate.

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AT THE PALACE

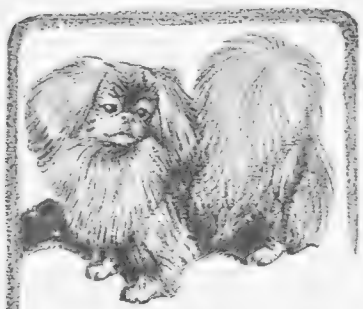
THE COMING-OUT AGE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE time draws very near when it will be too late to enter Dogs for the classic Show of the year, the Kennel Club's sixty-fifth annual, at the Crystal Palace; but, whether or not showing, all Dog-lovers should book it as an engagement, for it will enable them to study the finest Dogs in the world of every breed—September 29 and 30. Steady, *regular* exercise, consistently correct feeding, thorough daily grooming: these are the only real secrets of "conditioning for show"; but training for show is another matter, and no Dog can be expected to do himself justice in good company unless practised in advance, in some kind of makeshift ring, at the job of showing himself to best advantage *on the lead*. All such teaching is richly worth while, even if the Dog is never exhibited, for its effect on deportment, discipline, and behaviour. In the eyes of the understanding, your Dog's general behaviour reflects *you*, and the influence of your own breeding and *savoir faire*. Manners maketh Dog no less than man, and few kiddies I've ever known are more sensitively teachable than the average well-bred Dog. Don't forget that "well-bred" embraces upbringing as surely as pedigree.

Reverting to last week's notes about getting up a local Dog Show on a modest scale, further enquiries suggest insistence on two important preliminaries: consult the Secretary of the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, directly you have formed a committee and elected a chairman and secretary, and before going any further. From the outset it saves delays and mistakes to consult the current issue of the Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book, pp. 92-100, an excellent official epitome of the whole business. Another point raises the question of Puppy Classes. Regulations permit Litter Classes, confined to pups under three months, and Puppy Classes for youngsters between six and twelve months. The first do attract exhibitors of one class: a dwindling but surviving body; and the second are really important. "Kennelman's" own view is that all exhibition of pups under six months would be better abolished, the showing of weaners being risky, of small value, and rather rough on the babes themselves. For the rest, Shows should be made as attractive as may be to the *general* public, as well as to exhibitors and fanciers. The mere benching and judging of good Dogs on their show points is not enough. More of the spectacular and sporting elements are needed. Exhibitions should demonstrate what Dogs can *be* and *do*, as well as what they look like. That's where the value of the special competitions comes in, as testing effects of training, intelligence, working capacity in different directions, etc. There's a lot of work in the successful organisation of even small Shows; and a lot of fun, too; and the outcome, when brains and energy are put into it, can be extremely attractive.

"Kennelman" welcomes further enquiries received about Basset Hounds, those delightfully sporting miniatures of the classic Bloodhound: noblest of canines. Thorough *sahibs* and jolliest of companions, these little Hounds share the sagacity and dignity of their famous big relatives, while no more out of place indoors than a Bulldog. They ought to attract more breeders and buyers. Major Heseltine, of The Hill, Lutterworth, and Mrs. G. Foster Rawlins, of Middle Old Park, Farnham, are leading Basset authorities; and "Kennelman" hears that Miss Ena Adams, of Brancaster Hall Estate, King's Lynn, still has some Miniature Bassets; fascinating pals, but for serious hunting work not suitable for stone-wall country.



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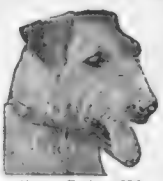

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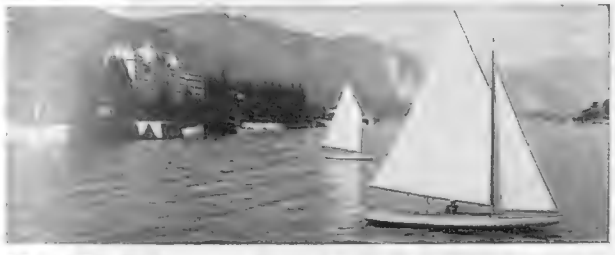

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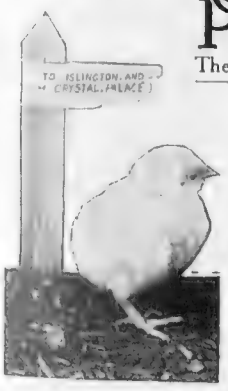

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In ivory, rose, powder blue, mulberry, champagne, sahara, silver grey, apple green, putty.

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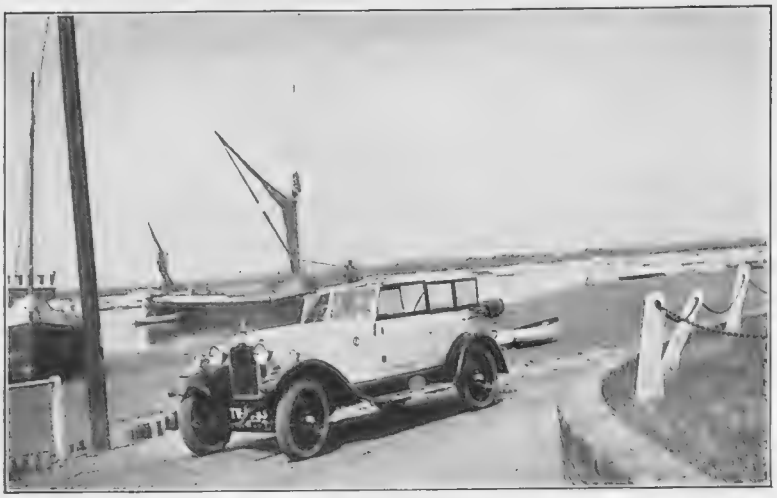

AT THE RIVERSIDE

One of the latest model 9-20 h.p. Rover semi-sports four-seater cars at West Mersea. This village is a popular yachting resort near Colchester

For the last two seasons I have been very lucky: I have not touched or grazed anything. I felt this was too long to last, and, sure enough, I was right. It was an interesting little incident, and fortunately was quite mild. As I turned a corner in a crowded country town a light car came round quite slowly in the opposite direction. Suddenly a look of terror came into the other driver's face. He gripped his wheel rigidly, not attempting to steer, and trod fiercely on his accelerator. I had stopped, so he leapt gracefully on to the front of my car. Subsequent enquiry showed that he had just finished his first 100 miles of driving. There are many morals in this yarn, but I am not going to print them.

***

The 1927 Morris programme comes into force on September 11. Many changes are to be seen; perhaps the most important being that of price. The 11.9 h.p. Morris-Cowley two-seater with rear wheel brakes will then cost £148 10s.; while the two-seater, with a fuller equipment and four wheel brakes, will cost £160. The Morris-Oxford prices will range from £220 for the two-seater to £325 for the saloon landaulet.

***

Other notable Morris alterations are that an entirely new type of radiator will be employed, flat in front and higher in line, the frame has been redesigned to allow of half-elliptic springing at the rear, the coachwork has been redesigned, while improved brakes and controls are provided. The prices for the 1927 cars will not include a free insurance policy. The new Morris will be distinctly smarter in appearance, will be more comfortable, and will provide an even better performance.

NOTES

A new British oil for motor cars has now reached the market, known as Speedolene. One of the most interesting features of this new oil is that one grade will serve efficiently all the year round. There is no need to refer to charts to find the most suitable grade for any season, while a further point is that the standard grade "T" is suitable for practically every make of engine. The manufacturers—Silvertown Lubricants, Ltd.—have occupied a prominent place in the oil world for over a quarter of a century, and the entire process of distilling, blending and refining is carried out at their works at Silvertown, which cover over 15 acres. I understand this oil is blended from three main constituents, each of which has a special duty to perform, such as upper cylinder lubrication, crankshaft, cylinder walls, etc. Numerous international competition successes have already been secured on Speedolene.

***

The new Overland Whippet is of particular interest, in that it represents a serious attempt on the part of America to invade the small car market, in which

(Continued on page 572)

14-40 VAUXHALL

'Bedford' five-seater saloon new season's price, £595

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"BP"

The British Petrol

When motoring in France ask for "'BP' Essence Energic," in Belgium for "'BP' Motor Spirit," and you can rely upon obtaining "BP" quality.

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British cars are at present supreme. In dimensions and running costs it follows small car practice, but in appearance, accommodation, and performance it can give points to larger and more expensive cars. The 15.0 h.p. four-cylinder saloon sells for £235, while the tourer costs £210.

***

THE Overland Whippet is smart in appearance, both in the open and closed models, and gives little suggestion of its low first cost. The four-cylinder engine has a detachable head and side-by-side valves, while the crankshaft runs on three bearings. Unit construction is employed, enclosing a single plate dry clutch and a three-speed gear box with centre change. Semi-elliptic springs are employed both front and rear. A four wheel braking system is employed, the brakes being of the internal expanding pattern. A seven-gallon tank is mounted at the rear of the frame, the feed to the carburetter being by Autovac. Ignition is by the dynamo battery system. It will be seen that the specification reads most attractively, and I am looking forward to a trial of the car, when I shall have even more to say about it.

ONE of the cars which I have been trying recently is the 16 h.p. Minerva, the smallest of the range of exceptionally fine cars. The car which I handled for some hundreds of miles was fitted with a full-sized saloon body, accommodating five adults, and it says much for the pulling powers of the 16 h.p. engine that no gear lower than second was required. My run was over all types of roads, during a particularly hot spell, yet the car gave not the slightest trouble, and refused to take so much as one single drop of water in the radiator.

***

THE Minerva four-cylinder sleeve-valve engine is beautifully finished, and runs smoothly and silently. Starting is easy, whether hot or cold, and a mixture control allows of great economy. The Dewandré braking system is practically perfect, just the right pressure on the pedal being required, while the stopping effect is colossal, yet easily controlled. A soundly built car is the 16 h.p. Minerva.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

READY FOR THE ROAD

The new Alvis model for 1927. It is a four-seater sports saloon, which combines all the comforts of a closed car with a nice turn of speed. It costs £595

Motoring in Ireland

To those motorists who are contemplating a tour in Ireland there can be no better or more helpful work than the recently published Dunlop Road Guide to Ireland. This handy volume, which is published by Messrs. E. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., of Cheltenham and London, at 1s. 6d., describes nearly 2,500 miles of Irish roads. Containing a very comprehensive and easily followed series of illustrated strip maps, including a circular tour round Ireland which covers a distance of close upon a thousand miles, this guide book will enable the veriest tyro in the art of map reading to follow his route with ease.

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IT IS NOT A GENUINE

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COMMODIOUS LEASEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, containing 7 bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room, nurseries, 3 reception rooms, verandah, conservatory, hall, and usual offices.

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'ABDO'
Model 2545
(Shown below)

'ABDO' Quality 2545. Corselet in pink striped material, specially designed to control diaphragm. Boned front and back. Sizes 30 to 42 inch bust.

6/11

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Betty was undeniably pretty, yet everyone knew she never received the attention her beautydeserved.

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WHY?

* * *

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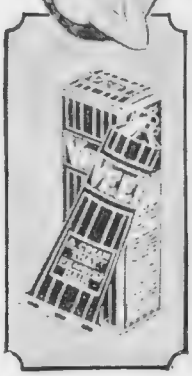
WHY?

* * *



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However hard the rain may sweep across the moors, this fine Anderson Shooting Waterproof will resist its fiercest attacks. Easy enough not to impede his movements, strong enough to withstand the wear which a shooting coat must undergo, and smart enough to wear in town—it is the ideal coat for the sporting man—

Made in Double Texture Lightweight Fawn Indiana - - 75/-
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Both prices less 5% for cash with order.

A full list gladly sent free

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In Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes there is a subtle charm which will appeal to Eve's fair daughters. Tipped with cork of pure natural growth and also sold without the tipping.

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10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d.
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It's the Tobacco that Counts

P.1346

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In every resort of Fashion for over a century the lovely fragrance of Lavender has added its charm to the enjoyment of the hour.

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Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs & Stores
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"How wonderful to have wireless out here!"

No aerial to erect. No earth to find. Nothing to do but to open the lid and tune in.

Take it with you picnicking, on the river, wherever you go. Easily carried! Utterly simple! Perfect results!

Everything compact and complete for sixteen guineas.

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PORTABLE WIRELESS SETS

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WONDERFUL VALUE IN KNITTED SUITS.
of very fine wool in a fancy stripe, jumper with collar and tie of Milanese to tone. In attractive colours.
Price of Jumper Suit 79/6
Cardigan to match 39/6
BERET CAP to match 25/6
Sent on Approval

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square) London W.1

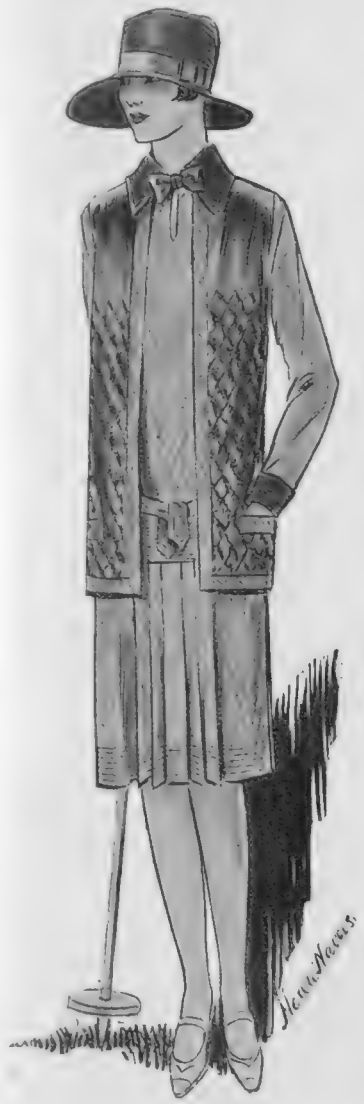
Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Momentous Developments in Sports Wear

WITHOUT drawing any invidious comparison, it may be safely said that the last word—or should it be the first?—is always found at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. I am referring, of course, at the moment especially to the department devoted to so-called sports and knitted wear, although the garments to be seen there are far too generally applicable to be solely and wholly relegated to sports.

By way of a start, and in confirmation of the above statement, just look and carefully consider the three-piece illustrated. This comprises a jumper and skirt of fine stone-coloured stockinette, and of so fine and supple a quality as to allow of the skirt being arranged in flat grouped pleats mounted on to a shaped yoke piece. The jumper is finished by a turn-down collar of bottle-green taffetas stitched with close lines of stone silk, the green reappearing in similarly fine stitching on the front to suggest an oval effect, and also in a cravat. But the really amusing and exciting feature of the scheme is the sleeveless coatee, called for some wholly inexplicable reason a waistcoat. This is of the green taffetas quilted with stone-coloured silk and completed by narrow hems of the stockinette. The *ensemble* could be worn on a golf course with perfect appropriateness, and equally so on ordinary occasions in town or country.



A THREE-PIECE SUIT OF DISTINCTION

An attractive sports suit from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.1. Of fine stone-coloured stockinette, the skirt is arranged in flat grouped pleats mounted on to a shaped yoke piece

Sketches by Helen Havers

Another expression of this supremely attractive suit is carried out in Tourterelle stockinette and prune taffetas. Tourterelle, by the way, is one of the newest shades of beige, a mauvish-pink tone, hence the name. A still more arresting combination is a rather coarse homespun woven in stripes of deep oatmeal, rust, yellow, green, blue and purple, the colours in some instances running one into the other; the whole is rather reminiscent of those fancy figured straw mattings. Used to build a flat-pleated skirt and sleeveless waistcoat, this model is worn with a pale green stockinette jumper. A gay, joyous *ensemble*, and not nearly so bizarre as it sounds.

A great future is predicted in these salons for a new heavyweight stockinette that tailors perfectly. A coat and skirt shown in stone-beige is allied with a Milanese jumper to tone. An *ensemble* costume, consisting of a long coat in the much-approved nude shade, arranged with a scarf collar, widish sleeves, and some clever strapping effects, accompanies a frock of Milanese slightly deeper in tone, the front of which is worked with *motifs* of silk and small beads in mauves and reds. Paris apparently is inclined to revive knitted wear. Patou is showing a number of these, including a novelty called knitted friska. So, needless to say, the powers that be at Wigmore Street are keeping their eye on that movement.

School Outfits

NOTHING succeeds like success. The rock, however, on which so many founder is in failing to maintain a sound reputation once that is acquired—a contingency fully realised by D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W. There is no resting on the laurels gained here in the girls' outfitting section. Each season reveals fresh efforts based on a close study of demand. Acting on this law,

FOR THE SCHOOL DAYS

Two distinctive models from Messrs. D. H. Evans, of Oxford Street, W. They are ideal frocks for the young girl who attends school

prominence is being given to neat tailored school frocks of navy blue suiting serge. The example sketched shows a straight all-in-one model that has an inset panel in front of hand-made knife pleats, these allowing for the requisite easy movement. At the back there is a belt, the neck finished by a detachable natural linen collar, the corners lightly embroidered in black and scarlet, the straight, roomy sleeves being drawn into neat cuffs of the serge. Every detail has obviously been carefully thought out to render absolutely suitable and practical a model obtainable in sizes from 26 to 42 inches, the first coming out at 59*s.* 11*d.*, rising 2*s.*

There is, as goes without saying, the customary wide choice here in simple school coats and skirts, and a quite exceptional selection of plain every-day and smarter bettermost wrap-coats. The materials mainly employed for these are velours, nap, and blanket cloth, and the prices throughout are consistently moderate. Thus a particularly serviceable blanket cloth model starts at 31*s.* 6*d.*; and there is a notably smart affair in all wool velours, well tailored, half-lined silk, with fur collar to tone, the cost whereof is only 63*s.* for the first size of 27-inch, rising 3*s.* every three inches up to 42-inch. Attention must also be drawn to jumper-suits of good quality silk, and wool mixture stockinette, so useful for Sunday wear. These, in attractive shades of blue, green and brown, make a start at 38*s.*, rising 3*s.* every two inches. And

their value is not to be bettered anywhere.

In selecting chiffon finished velveteen for evening school dresses, fashioning these sensibly for the coming cold weather with long sleeves, D. H. Evans show the finest sense and discrimination. There are several designs, though none more pleasing than the one pictured. This, with its longish bodice and lightly gathered skirt, is at once girlish and picturesque. The falling collar and front plastron, the latter threaded with ribbon to tone with the velveteen, are of champagne-coloured georgette, edged with fine soft lace, accessories easily detachable for washing. Suitable for girls from thirteen to eighteen years of age, the price ranges from 59*s.* 6*d.*, rising 2*s.* every two inches.

For the convenience of their widespread *clientèle*, D. H Evans have brought out a catalogue exclusively devoted to girls' outfits, which can be had on application.

AT CANNES

A surf-rider in action at Cannes, where the summer season is in full swing. The Hôtel des Anglais, which is one of the most popular at Cannes, has had a record number of visitors this year

Correct Form and Comfort

THERE must be, in fact there are, many women who still require the assistance of a private *corsetière*. One who will not only make, when required, corsets to measure, but who undertakes to copy any tested and comfortable model, no matter whether it is needed for ordinary wear or for special occasions. Now, of this character is the establishment run and presided over by Madame Lee, 6, Elm Grove, Southsea. And it is always significant when a private house such as this is able to exist on a financially successful basis outside a metropolis. One quickly realises there must be something superlatively excellent at the back of the enterprise to attract attention from all parts of the universe.

THE SECRET OF SLIMNESS

The combined bust bodice, corset and hip belt manufactured by Madame Lee, 6, Elm Grove, Southsea. Of supreme comfort, they are made in two qualities at 42/- and 32/-

Madame Lee, in addition to keeping all the most up-to-date designs ordained by fashion, is in a position to supply many of the older styles still in demand, where older and more set figures are concerned; while she undertakes every class of repair, alteration, and cleaning at moderate prices. Also, apropos of prices, it is to be observed how throughout these compare more than favourably with the majority for high-class goods. As everything, too, is under her own personal supervision, a ready guarantee is given that the cut, workmanship, and quality are of the very best. A very fully illustrated catalogue can be had on application, and a selection of models sent for inspection and approval. In any case, Madame Lee's name and address should be carefully noted, as there are very few of her standing left. Her particular and individual secret for obtaining the now decreed slim, undisturbed line is revealed in the combined bust bodice, corset, and hip belt of which we give an illustration.

Under certain conditions you *may* look *helpless*,
Under *no* conditions may you look *careless*,
Therefore insure your charm by daily using

'NUGGET'
BOOT POLISH

There's a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made.
Sold everywhere in 3d. and 6d. tins.

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BY APPOINTMENT

White all through-

Cerebos
SALT

Supplied to the House of Lords.

CS 29

Polish your linoleum

with Stephenson's Floor Polish. Then your hall, staircase, kitchen, etc., will always be bright and easy to keep clean.

Washing and scrubbing rots linoleum, Stephenson's Floor Polish preserves and beautifies. It makes linoleum last years longer.

Also always polish the stained or varnished wood surrounds of your room with Stephenson's. Then your floors will clean up for the day in a few minutes. A duster wrapped round a broom or a polisher saves working on hands and knees.

Stephenson's Floor Polish

In Tins: 3½d., 7d., 10½d., 1/2 *and* 2/6

Sole Manufacturers: Stephenson Brothers, Ltd., Bradford.

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La Corona Half-a-Corona CIGARS

now bear a ring with the words

La Corona Half-a-Corona

Thus

Smokers in their own interest should look for this ring and so avoid imitations

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Sea Front with Garden and the Unique Pergola Restaurant above the Waves. Wonderful Views. Open all the Year. Sea Bathing. Tennis. Garage.

MENGE BROS. *New Proprietors.*

Not for a Year —but Always!

YOU look for a home to give lasting satisfaction. And that's the very quality a Browne & Lilly Bungalow is famous for. Its material and construction are the best, because it is regarded as a duty to the reputation of Browne & Lilly to build always to highest quality. Your eye can appraise the appearance of such a home. Your pride will glory in its possession. And your deep abiding satisfaction is guaranteed during a life-time's occupation. Prices as low as £930. Delivered and erected complete except drainage and outside water service.

Our 104-page Illustrated Catalogue, showing full range of Buildings and prices, sent FREE on request.

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Manufacturers and Exporters.

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"LA PLAGE" and "LA ROTISSERIE"

Open all year. Private Car to Southampton-Havre boat.

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LE TOUQUET In Forest near Casino HOTEL REGINA

Highest Comfort and Lowest Inclusive Terms Motor to Golf and Sea

Made in England by English Firm and English Labour. Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, London, S.E.5

Yorkshire Relish

9D. Per Bottle.

The most delicious Sauce in the World.

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QUALITY FIRST!

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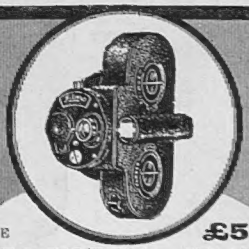
Shippers of Fine Quality Brandies.

Wholesale—H. LE FORESTIER & CO., 22, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3.

Brightens dull fair Hair

EVAN WILLIAMS' CAMOMILE SHAMPOO

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.



THE £54

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And at 47, Berkeley Street, W.1, next door to Thos. Cook's Travel Agency.

AUTUMN PRESERVES

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE JAM.
QUINCE MARMALADE.
VEGETABLE MARROW JAM
TO PRESERVE PLUMS FOR WINTER USE.
CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

Blackberry and Apple Jam

FIVE pounds of blackberries, 3 lb. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every pound of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries, the apples, peeled and cored, and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft, then strain through a cloth, and to every 1 lb. of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar. Let it boil one and a half hours.

Quince Marmalade

Wipe the quinces with a damp cloth, but do not peel them, cut them into slices and put them into an earthenware pan with enough cold water to float them. Boil them till quite tender and the fruit is reduced to a pulp, then rub through a sieve. Weigh the pulp, and allow ¾ lb of white sugar to every 1 lb. Place the whole on the fire and keep it well stirred from the bottom of the pan with a wooden spoon until reduced to a marmalade. Drop a little on a hot plate, if it jellies it is done. Put into jars while hot, let it stand till cold, then tie down.

Vegetable Marrow Jam

To every 5 lb. of marrow allow 5 lb. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 oz. of preserved ginger, and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put the sugar, and a little water to keep it from burning, in the preserving-pan. When it is melted add the marrow (cut up), ginger, cayenne, and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for rather more than an hour. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

To Preserve Plums for Winter Use

Gather the plums when green, put them in bottles or jars holding about 2 lb. Strew over them some powdered sugar, and cover down tightly with two separate bladders on each. Stand the bottles in a large pan of cold water up to their necks, putting hay between to prevent them from knocking against each other, and boil gently till the skins of the plums break, which will be in about three hours. Let the bottles cool in the water.

Crab-apple Jelly

Take off the stalks, weigh and wash the crab-apples, then to each 1½ lb. add a pint of water, and boil them gently until they are broken, but do not let them boil to a pulp. Pour the whole into a jelly-bag, and when the juice is quite transparent weigh it, put it into a clean preserving-pan, boil it quickly for fifteen minutes, take it from the fire, and stir in it till dissolved ¾ lb. of preserving sugar to each 1 lb. of the juice; boil the jelly from fifteen to twenty minutes, skim it very clearly, and pour it into small moulds. The jelly, which should be a nice bright colour, makes an attractive dessert dish.

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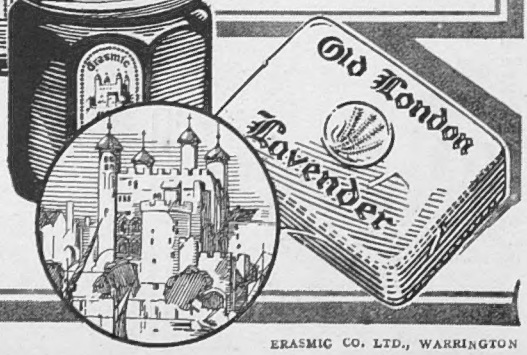

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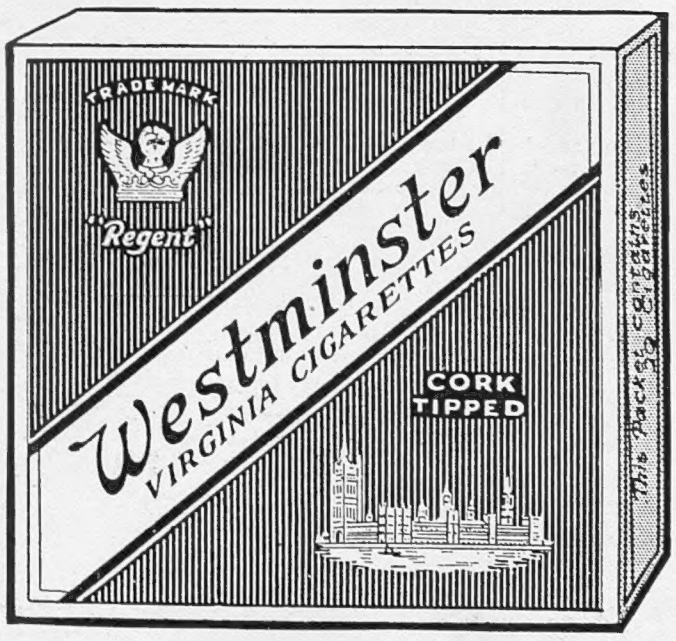

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